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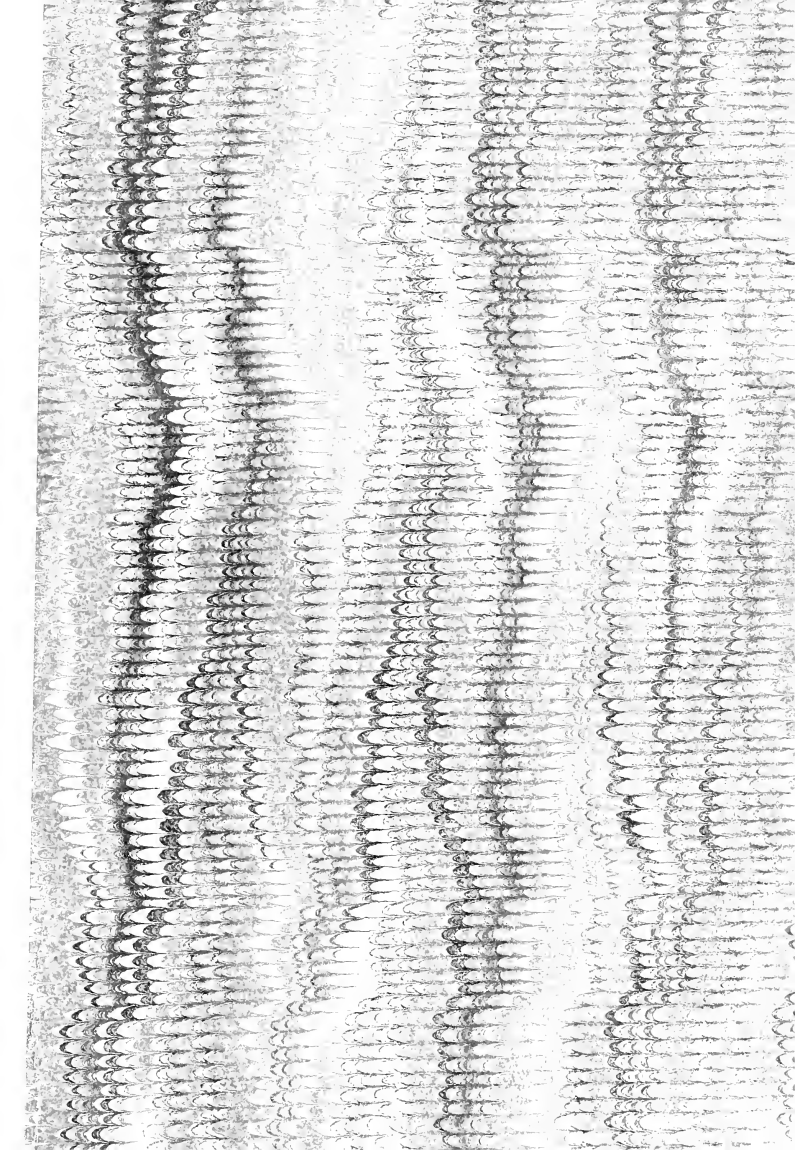
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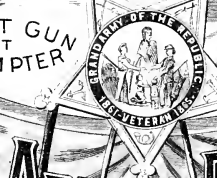


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CHOICE

RECITATIONS READINGS AND VETERAN WAR SONGS

FOR CAMP FIRES RECEPTIONS AND
ENTERTAINMENTS.

COMPILED BY COMRADE
ISAAC C. TYSON.

NEW YORK
R. H. RUSSELL
& SON.

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VETERAN WAR SONGS,

ALSO,

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ETC., ETC.

A Manual of Information, of Interest to every Union
Veteran Soldier, and all Patriotic Citizens.

FOR THE HOME, CAMP-FIRE, RECEPTION AND ENTERTAINMENT.



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A SOUVENIR

DEDICATED TO THE

TWENTY-SIXTH

NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT

OF THE

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,

HELD AT

WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1892.

Compiled in a Spirit of enthusiasm and affection for my Comrades of the
G. A. R.

Yours in F. C. & L.

ISAAC C. TYSON,

Late Co. K. 14th Iowa Vols.,

2d Brigade, 3d Division,

16th Army Corps, U. S. A.

Thanks are due to the publishers of the New York World
and the Mail and Express for assistance in compiling the
valuable statistics embodied in this book,



GENERAL PALMER, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Grand Army of the Republic.

Commander-in-Chief. John Palmer, Albany, N. Y.

S. Vice-Com. Henry M. Duffield, Detroit, Mich. | Surgeon-General Benj. F. Stevenson, Visalia, Ky.
J. Vice-Com. T. S. Clarkson, Omaha, Neb. | Chaplain-in-Chief S. B. Paine, St. Augustine, Fla.

OFFICIAL STAFF.

Adjutant-Gen. Fred. Phisterer, Albany, N. Y. | Inspector-Gen. J. F. Pratt, East Orange, N. J.
Quartermaster-Gen. John Taylor, Phila., Pa. | Judge Adv.-Gen. J. W. O'Neill, Lebanon, O.

The National Council of Administration has 44 members, each department being represented by one member.

DEPARTMENT OFFICERS AND MEMBERSHIP.

DEPARTMENTS. (44.)	DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.*	DEPARTMENT ASST. ADJT. GENERALS.*	Members.
Alabama	Seymour Bullock Mobile.	W. J. Pender Birmingham.	334
Arizona	Ed. Schwartz Phoenix.	C. D. Belden Phoenix.	703
Arkansas	Wm. H. H. Clayton Fort Smith.	S. K. Robinson Fort Smith.	2,200
California	W. H. L. Barnes San Francisco	T. C. Masteller San Francisco	5,812
Col. and Wyoming.	George W. Cook Denver.	Philip Trounstein Denver.	2,207
Connecticut	H. N. Fanton Danbury.	John H. Thacher Hartford.	6,807
Delaware	Daniel Greene Newport.	John B. Stradley Wilmington.	1,280
Florida	John H. Welsh Welshton.	T. S. Wilmarrh Jacksonville.	471
Georgia	A. E. Sholes Augusta.	A. Guiton Augusta.	455
Idaho	Judson Spoford Boise City.	Norman H. Camp Boise City.	439
Illinois	Horace S. Clark Mattoon.	P. L. McKinnie Chicago.	37,329
Indiana	I. N. Walker Indianapolis.	Irvin Robbins Indianapolis.	24,726
Iowa	Charles L. Davidson Hull.	Charles L. Longley Cedar Rapids.	20,174
Kansas	T. McCarthy Larned.	A. B. Campbell Larned.	17,716
Kentucky	S. G. Hillis Fearis.	A. S. Cole Fearis.	3,073
La. and Mississippi.	George T. Hodges New-Orleans.	C. W. Keeting New-Orleans.	1,093
Maine	Samuel L. Miller Waldoboro.	E. C. Milliken Portland.	9,700
Maryland	J. C. Hill Baltimore.	Hugh A. Maughlin Baltimore.	2,423
Massachusetts	A. A. Smith Griswoldville.	A. C. Munroe Boston.	23,781
Michigan	Charles L. Eaton Paw Paw.	K. W. Noyes Paw Paw.	10,280
Minnesota	C. D. Parker St. Paul.	Joseph L. Brigham St. Paul.	7,947
Missouri	George W. Martin Brookfield.	Thomas B. Rodgers St. Louis.	20,822
Montana	H. C. Kessler Butte.	L. F. Wyman Butte.	623
Nebraska	Joseph Tector Lincoln.	J. W. Bowen Lincoln.	4,144
New-Hampshire	E. B. Huse Enfield.	J. Minot Concord.	5,211
New-Jersey	J. R. Mullikin Newark.	F. W. Sullivan Newark.	7,793
New-Mexico	Albert P. Fountain Las Cruces.	J. F. Bennett Las Cruces.	202
New-York	C. H. Freeman Corning.	W. W. Bennett Albany.	40,444
North-Dakota	William A. Bentley Bismarck.	John Bowen Bismarck.	535
Ohio	A. M. Warner Cincinnati.	W. B. Folger Cincinnati.	45,522
Oklahoma and I. T.	G. A. Colton Kingfisher.	E. B. Burns Kingfisher.	552
Oregon	Owen Summers Portland.	R. S. Greenleaf Portland.	2,052
Pennsylvania	George G. Boyer Harrisburg.	S. P. Town Philadelphia.	43,163
Potomac	J. M. Pipes Washington.	John P. Church Washington.	3,312
Rhode-Island	Benjamin H. Child Providence.	Edmund F. Prentiss Providence.	2,855
South-Dakota	C. S. Palmer Sioux Falls.	W. D. Stiles Sioux Falls.	2,769
Tennessee	A. J. Gahagan Chattanooga.	H. B. Case Chattanooga.	3,719
Texas	M. W. Mann Dallas.	J. C. Bigger Dallas.	1,305
Utah	Frank Hoffman Salt Lake City.	F. P. Addelman Salt Lake City.	184
Vermont	D. L. Morgan Rutland.	C. C. Kinsman Rutland.	5,487
Virginia	H. B. Nichols Norfolk.	W. N. Eaton Portsmouth.	1,422
Wash. and Alaska	D. G. Lovell Tacoma.	Frank Clendennen Tacoma.	2,783
West-Virginia	I. H. Duval Wellsburg.	George B. Crawford Wellsburg.	2,633
Wisconsin	W. H. Upham Marshfield.	E. B. Gray Marshfield.	13,710

Total June 30, 1891. 398,270

New department officers are elected from January to April, 1892.

The first post of the Grand Army was organized at Decatur, Ill., April 6, 1866. The first department encampment was held at Springfield, Ill., July 12, 1866. The first national encampment was held at Indianapolis, November 20, 1866.

NATIONAL ENCAMPMENTS AND COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF.

1866—Indianapolis	Stephen A. Hurlbut, Ill.	1880—Dayton, O.	Louis Wagner, Pa.
1868—Philadelphia	John A. Logan, Illinois.	1881—Indianapolis	George S. Merrill, Mass.
1869—Cincinnati	John A. Logan, Illinois.	1882—Baltimore	Paul Van Der Voort, Neb.
1870—Washington	John A. Logan, Illinois.	1883—Denver	Robert B. Beath, Pa.
1871—Boston	A. E. Burnside, Rhode-Is.	1884—Minneapolis	John S. Kuntz, Ohio.
1872—Cleveland	A. E. Burnside, Rhode-Is.	1885—Portland, Me.	S. S. Burdette, Wash.
1873—New-Haven	Charles Devens, Jr., Mass.	1886—San Francisco	Lucius Fairchild, Wis.
1874—Harrisburg	Charles Devens, Jr., Mass.	1887—St. Louis	John P. Rae, Minnesota.
1875—Chicago	John F. Harttrauf, Pa.	1888—Columbus, O.	William Warner, Mo.
1876—Philadelphia	John F. Harttrauf, Pa.	1889—Milwaukee, Wis.	Russell A. Alger, Mich.
1877—Providence	J. C. Robinson, New-York.	1890—Boston, Mass.	Whelock G. Veazey, Vt.
1878—Springfield, Mass.	J. C. Robinson, New-York.	1891—Detroit, Mich.	John Palmer, New York.
1879—Albany	William Earnshaw, Ohio.		

The Civil War of 1861-65.

NUMBER OF MEN IN THE UNION ARMY FURNISHED BY EACH STATE AND TERRITORY, FROM APRIL 15, 1861, TO CLOSE OF WAR.

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	Number of Men Furnished.	Aggregate Reduced to a Three Years' Standing.	STATES AND TERRITORIES.	Number of Men Furnished.	Aggregate Reduced to a Three Years' Standing.
Alabama.....	2,456	1,611	New-York.....	448,880	362,270
Arkansas.....	8,280	7,836	North-Carolina.....	3,156	3,156
California.....	15,725	15,725	Ohio.....	313,180	245,614
Colorado.....	4,903	3,697	Oregon.....	1,810	1,773
Connecticut.....	55,804	50,623	Pennsylvania.....	337,936	205,517
Delaware.....	12,284	10,322	Rhode-Island.....	23,230	17,666
Florida.....	1,290	1,290	South-Carolina.....
Georgia.....	Tennessee.....	31,62	20,304
Illinois.....	252,692	214,133	Texas.....	1,604	1,604
Indiana.....	10,393	153,579	Vermont.....	33,488	29,468
Iowa.....	70,242	60,489	Virginia.....
Kansas.....	20,149	18,766	West-Virginia.....	32,068	27,714
Kentucky.....	75,760	70,632	Wisconsin.....	91,377	79,260
Louisiana.....	5,224	4,664	Dakota.....	26	26
Maine.....	70,107	50,770	District of Columbia.....	16,534	15,6
Maryland.....	40,638	41,275	Indian Territory.....	3,530	3,530
Massachusetts.....	140,730	124,144	Montana.....
Michigan.....	87,304	80,111	New Mexico.....	6,561	4,432
Minnesota.....	24,220	19,693	Utah.....
Mississippi.....	545	545	Washington.....	964	964
Missouri.....	100,111	86,530	U. S. Army.....
Nebraska.....	3,157	2,175	U. S. Volunteers.....
Nevada.....	1,080	1,080	U. S. Colored Troops.....	93,441	91,789
New-Hampshire.....	33,637	30,849	Total.....	2,778,304	2,326,168
New-Jersey.....	70,814	57,906			

The number of casualties in the volunteer and regular armies of the United States, during the war of 1861-65, according to a statement prepared by the Adjutant-General's office, was as follows: Killed in battle, 67,088; died of wounds, 43,012; died of disease, 100,720; other causes, such as accidents, murder, Confederate prisons, etc., 40,144; total died, 349,934; total deserted, 109,105. Number of soldiers in the Confederate service who died of wounds or disease (partial statement), 133,821. Deserted (partial statement), 104,428. Number of United States troops captured during the war, 212,608; Confederate troops captured, 476,169. Number of United States troops paroled on the field, 16,431; Confederate troops paroled on the field 4,245,599. Number of United States troops who died while prisoners, 30,156; Confederate troops who died while prisoners, 33,152.

THE GREAT BATTLES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

(From "Regimental Losses in the American Civil War," by William F. Fox, Lieutenant-Colonel U.S.V.)
As to the loss in the Union armies, the greatest battles in the war were:

DATE.	Battle.	Killed.	Wounded.*	Missing.	Aggregate.
July 1-3, 1863.....	Gettysburg.....	3,070	14,497	5,434	23,001
May 8-18, 1864.....	Spottsylvania.....	2,725	13,433	2,285	18,399
May 4-7, 1864.....	Wilderness.....	2,246	12,037	3,343	17,666
September 17, 1862.....	Antietam.....	2,168	9,449	753	12,410
May 1-3, 1863.....	Chancellorsville.....	1,675	9,702	8,000	17,387
September 19-20, 1863.....	Chickamauga.....	1,666	9,749	4,774	19,179
June 1-4, 1864.....	Cold Harbor.....	1,844	9,777	1,816	12,737
December 11-14, 1862.....	Fredericksburg.....	1,284	9,600	1,769	12,653
August 28-30, 1862.....	Manassas.....	1,747	8,452	4,264	14,462
April 6-7, 1862.....	Shiloh.....	1,754	8,458	2,885	13,047
December 31, 1862.....	Stone's River.....	1,733	7,802	3,717	13,249
June 15-19, 1864.....	Petersburg (assault).....	1,688	8,413	1,185	11,286

* Wounded in these and the following returns includes mortally wounded.

† Not including South Mountain or Crampton's Gap.

‡ Including Chantilly, Rappahannock, Bristol Station and Bull Run Bridge.

§ Including Knob Gap and losses on January 1 and 2, 1863.

The Union losses at Bull Run (first Manassas), July 21, 1861, were: killed, 470; wounded, 1,071; captured and missing, 1,793; aggregate, 3,334.

The Confederate losses in particular engagements were as follows: Bull Run (first Manassas), July 21, 1861, killed, 357; wounded, 1,682; captured and missing, 13; aggregate, 1,932. Fort Donelson, Tenn., Feb. 13-16, 1862, killed, 407; wounded, 1,634; captured and missing, 13,820; aggregate, 15,820. Shiloh, Tenn., April 6-7, 1862, killed, 1,723; wounded, 8,012; captured and missing, 650; aggregate, 10,691. Seven Days' Battle, Virginia, June 25-July 1, 1862, killed, 3,478; wounded, 16,261; captured and missing, 875; aggregate, 20,614. Second Manassas, Aug. 21-Sept. 2, 1862, killed, 1,481; wounded and missing, 7,627; captured and missing, 89; aggregate, 9,197. Antietam campaign, Sept. 12-20, 1862, killed, 1,880; wounded, 9,448; captured and missing, 1,567; aggregate, 12,601. Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862, killed, 590; wounded, 4,665; captured and missing, 611; aggregate, 5,856. Stone's River, Tenn., Dec. 31, 1862, killed, 1,294; wounded, 7,945; captured and missing, 1,271; aggregate, 10,666. Chance- lersville, May 1-4, 1863, killed, 1,665; wounded, 9,681; captured and missing, 2,081; aggregate, 12,764. Gettysburg, Sept. 1-3, 1863, killed, 2,562; wounded, 12,766; captured and missing, 4,150; aggregate, 20,478. Chickamauga, Sept. 19-20, 1863, killed, 2,266; wounded, 13,613; captured and missing, 1,604; aggregate, 16,971.

* Gettysburg was the greatest battle of the war; Antietam the bloodiest. The largest army was assembled by the Confederates at the seven days' fight; by the Unionists at the Wilderness.

Living Union Generals.

LIST OF LIVING MAJOR-GENERALS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY WHO SAW ACTIVE SERVICE IN THE FIELD DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

THERE were commissioned by the United States during the civil war of 1861-65, including those who held rank at the time the war began, over 2,500 general officers of various grades: general, lieutenant-generals, major-generals, major-generals by brevet, brigadier-generals and brigadier-generals by brevet. It is believed that less than 1,000 of these are now living. The following is a partial list of those who held the rank of major-general in the regular and volunteer armies, either in full or by brevet, and saw active service in the field, who are known or supposed to be living at the present time.*

REGULAR ARMY.

William S. Rosecrans. Philip St. George Cooke. John Pope. John M. Schofield. Daniel Butterfield. Oliver O. Howard. James B. Fry. Abraham Baird. Alvan C. Gillem. John W. Turner. Daniel P. Woodbury. Zealoud B. Tower. John Newton. Wm F Smith. Thomas J. Wood.	Rufus Ingalls. Stewart Van Vliet. John W. Davidson. Alfred Pleasonton. Frank Wheaton. Wesley Merritt. George Stoneman. Godfrey Weitzel. James H. Wilson. William W. Averell. Richard W. Johnson. Eli Long. Andrew J. Smith. Engene A. Carr.	David S. Stanley. John B. McIntosh. August V. Kantz. Benjamin H. Grierson. Samuel S. Carroll. Robert S. Granger. Alexander S. Webb. William B. Franklin. Christopher C. Auger. William P. Carlin. Abner Doubleday. Joseph J. Reynolds. John E. Smith. Charles H. Smith.	Orlando B. Willcox. Gadusha Pennypacker. Nelson A. Miles. Daniel E. Sickles. Wager Swayne. William H. French. Abner P. Howe. John Gibbon. George W. Getty. Adelbert Ames. Samuel W. Crawford. John C. Robinson. Frederick Steele. Alex. McD. McCook.
---	--	--	---

VOLUNTEER ARMY.

Nathaniel P. Banks. Benjamin F. Butler. Don Carlos Buell. Samuel R. Curtis. Franz Sigel. John A. McClelland. Lewis Wallace. Erasmus D. Keyes. Fitz John Porter. Darius N. Couch. Henry W. Slocum. John J. Peck. Thomas L. Crittenden. Schuyler Hamilton. Jacob D. Cox. James S. Negley. John M. Palmer. Richard J. Oglesby. C. C. Washburn. James G. Blunt. Carl Schurz. W. T. H. Brooks. Granville M. Dodge. Henry E. Davies. Francis C. Barlow. Gersham Mott. M. D. Leggett. John M. Corse. Lewis A. Grant. Thomas H. Ruger. Rufus Saxton. Charles J. Peaine. James W. McMillan. C. C. Andrews. Joseph B. Carr. N. Martin Curtis. Nathan Kimball. John B. Sanborn. Benjamin F. Kelly.	John H. Ketchum. Jacob G. Lammam. John B. McIntosh. Thomas J. McKean. Byron R. Pierce. B. F. Potter. William H. Powell. Elliot W. Rice. James R. Slack. Green Clay Smith. Thomas Kelby Smith. J. W. Spangne. John D. Stevenson. John M. Thayer. Davis Tillson. Erastus B. Tyler. Daniel Ullman. William B. Woods. Joseph Bailey. Thomas L. Kane. John G. Mitchell. William H. Morris. Habeat E. Paine. Henry G. Thomas. Hector Tyndale. Horatio P. Van Cleave. James A. Williamson. James D. Morgan. James C. Veach. William P. Benton. Thomas J. Lucas. James J. Gilbert. Joshua L. Chamberlain. Robert S. Foster. Henry Baxter. Oliver Edwards. P. R. De Trobriand. William A. Pile. John McNeill.	Elias S. Dennis. Lewis B. Parsons. Orris S. Ferry. William Vandever. August L. Chetlain. John P. Hawkins. Alexander Shaler. Adin B. Underwood. Salomon Meredith. John C. Caldwell. Fitz Henry Warren. Joseph R. Hawley. August Willich. William T. Clark. R. K. Scott. Joseph R. West. Martin T. McMahon. Charles G. Loring. Robert Allen. Walter C. Whitacker. Manning F. Force. John W. Fuller. John F. Miller. Joseph Hayes. Joseph A. Cooper. Alexander Asboth. Henry A. Barnum. George L. Beal. William Birney. James Bowen. Mason Brayman. R. P. Buckland. Robert A. Cameron. Selden E. Comor. Thomas Ewing, Jr. James D. Fessenden. Walter Q. Gresham. Cyrus Hamlin. Rutherford B. Hayes.	Edward W. Hinks. H. M. Plaisted. George H. Nye. William Wells. George A. Macy. Henry L. Abbott. John C. Tidball. Frederick Whitrep. Benjamin F. Baker. Nelson Cross. Adrian R. Root. Lewis T. Barney. Charles J. Powers. Isaac S. Catlin. George H. Sharpe. James Wood, Jr. James Jourdan. E. L. Molineux. James P. McIvor. John Ramsay. Robert McAlister. William J. Sewell. John I. Gregg. Richard Coulter. St. Clair Mulholland. James Gwyn. Henry J. Madill. A. L. Pearson. Horatio G. Sickel. A. W. Dennison. Alvin C. Voris. Marshall F. Moore. W. L. McMillan. J. Warren Keifer. Russell A. Alger. William L. Stoughton. Henry D. Washburn. Willard Warner.
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* The list has been restricted to major-generals who were actively engaged in the field during the war. It is known to be imperfect, as the whereabouts of several persons in the list are unknown, and they have not been heard of for some time. A complete list is desirable, and the editor would welcome corrections and additions during the year.

Living Confederate Generals.

JANUARY 1, 1892.

During the Civil War there were 458 persons commissioned as generals of the several grades in the Confederate Army. Of these, less than 174 are now living—twenty-six years after the close of the war.

General W. L. Cabell, of Dallas, Tex., has prepared the following list of survivors, together with their present places of residence, when known:

GENERAL.

Gustave P. T. Beargard, New-Orleans, La.

GENERAL WITH TEMPORARY RANK.

Edmund Kirby Smith, Sewanee, Tenn.

LIEUTENANT-GENERALS.

Stephen D. Lee, Starkville, Miss.
James Longstreet, Gainesville, Ga.
Jubal A. Early, Lynchburg, Va.
Simon B. Buckner, Frankfort, Ky.
Joseph Wheeler, Wheeler, Ala.
Ambrose P. Stewart, Oxford, Miss.
Wade Hampton, Columbia, S. C.
John B. Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.

MAJOR-GENERALS.

Gustavus W. Smith, New-York.
LaFayette McLaws, Savannah, Ga.
C. W. Field, Washington, D. C.
S. G. French, Holly Springs, Miss.
John H. Forney, Alabama.
Dabney H. Maury, Richmond, Va.
Henry Heth, United States Coast Survey.
Robert Ransom, Jr., Weldon, N. C.
J. L. Kemper, Orange Court House, Va.
Fitzhugh Lee, Glasgow, Va.
W. B. Bate, U. S. Senate.
Robert F. Hoke, Raleigh, N. C.
J. B. Kershaw, Camden, S. C.
M. C. Butler, U. S. Senate.
E. C. Walthall, U. S. Senate.
L. L. Loix, Blacksburg.
P. M. B. Young, Atlanta, Ga.
T. L. Rosser, Charlottesville, Va.
W. W. Allen, Montgomery, Ala.
S. B. Maxey, Paris, Tex.
William Mahone, Petersburg, Va.
G. W. Custis Lee, Lexington, Va.
William B. Tallaferro, Gloucester, Va.
John G. Walker, Missouri.
William T. Martin, Natchez, Miss.
Bashrod R. Johnson, Nashville, Tenn.
C. J. Polignac, Paris, France.
E. M. Law, Yorkville, S. C.
James H. Fagan, Little Rock, Ark.
Thomas Churchill, Little Rock, Ark.
Richard Gatlin, Fort Smith, Ark.
Matt Ransom, U. S. Senate.
T. A. Smith, Jackson, Miss.

BRIGADIER-GENERALS.

George T. Anderson, Annapolis, Ala.
Joseph R. Anderson, Richmond, Va.
Frank C. Armstrong, Texas.
E. S. Alexander, Savannah, Ga.
Arthur S. Bagby, Texas.
Alpheus Baker, Louisville, Ky.
Laurence S. Baker, address not known.
Pinckney D. Boyles, Alabama.
William L. Brandon, Mississippi.
John Bratton, South-Carolina.
J. L. Brent, Baltimore, Md.
C. A. Battle, Eufaula, Ala.

BRIGADIER-GENERALS—Continued.

R. L. T. Beale, Hague, Va.
Hamilton P. Bee, San Antonio, Tex.
W. R. Boggs, Winston, N. C.
Tyne H. Bell, Tennessee.
William L. Cabell, Dallas, Tex.
E. Capars, Columbia, S. C.
James R. Chalmers, Vicksburg, Miss.
Thomas L. Clingman, Charlotte, N. C.
George B. Cosby, Kentucky.
Francis M. Cockrell, U. S. Senate.
A. H. Colquitt, U. S. Senate.
R. E. Colston, Washington, D. C.
Phil Cook, Atlanta, Ga.
M. D. Corse, Alexandria, Va.
Alexander W. Campbell, Tennessee.
John B. Clark, Jr., Brunswick, Mo.
Alfred Cumming, Augusta, Ga.
X. B. DeBray, Austin, Tex.
William R. Cox, North-Carolina.
Joseph Davis, Mississippi City, Miss.
H. T. Davidson, Tennessee.
T. P. Doeherty, Arkansas.
Basil W. Duke, Louisville, Ky.
John Echols, Louisville, Ky.
C. A. Evans, Atlanta, Ga.
Samuel W. Ferguson, Pass Christian, Miss.
J. J. Finley, Florida.
D. M. Frost, Missouri.
Richard M. Gano, Dallas, Tex.
I. O. George, Jackson, Miss.
R. L. Gibson, U. S. Senate.
William L. Gardner, Memphis, Tenn.
G. W. Gordon, Nashville, Tenn.
E. C. Govan, Arkansas.
Johnson Haygood, Barnswell, S. C.
George P. Harrison, Jr., Auburn, Ala.
Robert J. Henderson, Atlanta, Ga.
A. T. Hawthorne, Atlanta, Ga.
J. F. Holtzclaw, Montgomery, Ala.
Epps Hinton, Warrenton, Va.
William F. Hardeman, Austin, Tex.
N. H. Harris, Mississippi.
R. H. Harris, Vicksburg, Miss.
Richard Harrison, Waco, Tex.
George B. Hodge, Kentucky.
William J. Hoke, North-Carolina.
Alfred Iverson, Florida.
J. D. Imboden, Southwest Virginia.
Henry R. Jackson, Savannah, Ga.
William H. Jackson, Nashville, Tenn.
Bradley T. Johnson, Baltimore, Md.
George D. Johnston, Charleston, S. C.
Robert D. Johnston, Birmingham, Ala.
A. R. Johnson, Texas.
J. D. Kennedy, Camden, S. C.
William H. King, Austin, Tex.
William W. Kirkland, New-York.
James H. Lane, Auburn, Ala.
A. R. Lawton, Savannah, Ga.
T. M. Logan, Richmond, Va.
Robert Lowry, Jackson, Miss.
Walter P. Lane, Marshall, Tex.
Joseph H. Lewis, Kentucky.

LIVING CONFEDERATE GENERALS—Continued.

BRIGADIER-GENERALS—Continued.

W. G. Lewis, North-Carolina.
 William McComb, Gordonsville, Va.
 Samuel McGowan, Abbeville, S. C.
 R. McNair, Hallsville, Miss.
 John T. Morgan, U. S. Senate.
 T. T. Munford, Lynchburg, Va.
 George Manney, Nashville, Tenn.
 James G. Martin, North-Carolina.
 John McCausland, West-Virginia.
 Henry E. McCulloch, Texas.
 W. R. Miles, Mississippi.
 William Miller, Florida.
 John C. Moore, Texas.
 Francis T. Nichols, New-Orleans, La.
 R. L. Page, Norfolk, Va.
 W. H. Payne, Warrenton, Va.
 W. F. Perry, Glendale, Ky.
 Roger A. Pryor, New-York.
 Lucius E. Polk, Tennessee.
 W. H. Parsons, Texas.
 N. B. Pearce, Arkansas.
 E. W. Pettus, Selma, Ala.
 W. A. Quarles, Clarkesville, Tenn.
 B. H. Robertson, Washington, D. C.
 F. H. Robertson, Waco, Tex.
 Daniel Russell, Fredericksburg, Va.
 George W. Rains, Augusta, Ga.
 A. E. Reynolds, Mississippi.
 D. H. Reynolds, Arkansas.

BRIGADIER-GENERALS—Continued.

R. V. Richardson, Tennessee.
 William P. Roberts, Raleigh, N. C.
 Charles A. Renda, Blacksburg, Va.
 L. S. Ross, College Station, Tex.
 Joe Shelby, Carthage, Mo.
 Charles M. Shelly, Alabama.
 F. A. Shoup, Sewanee, Tenn.
 A. M. Scales, Greensboro, N. C.
 Thomas B. Smith, Nashville, Tenn.
 G. M. Sorrell, Savannah, Ga.
 George H. Stewart, Baltimore, Md.
 Marcellus A. Stovall, Augusta, Ga.
 Edward L. Thomas, Washington, D. C.
 W. R. Terry, Richmond, Va.
 J. C. Tappan, Helena, Ark.
 Robert B. Vance, Asheville, N. C.
 A. J. Vaughan, Memphis, Tenn.
 James A. Walker, Wytheville, Va.
 D. A. Weisger, Petersburg, Va.
 G. C. Wharton, New River, Va.
 Marcus J. Wright, Washington, D. C.
 G. J. Wright, Griffin, Ga.
 H. H. Walker, New-York.
 W. S. Walker, Florida.
 W. H. Wallace, Columbia, S. C.
 T. N. Waul, Galveston, Tex.
 John S. Williams, Mount Sterling, Ky.
 Zebulon York, Baton Rouge, La.

Wars of the United States.

STATEMENT OF THE NUMBER OF UNITED STATES TROOPS ENGAGED.

WAR.	From—	To—	Regulars.	Militia and Volunteers.	Total.
War of the Revolution.....	April 19, 1775	April 11, 1783	130,711	164,080	309,791
Northwestern Indian War.....	Sept. 19, 1790	Aug. 3, 1795	8,683
War with France.....	July 9, 1798	Sept. 30, 1800	4,593
War with Tripoli.....	June 10, 1801	June 4, 1805	3,330
Creek Indian War.....	July 27, 1813	Aug. 9, 1814	600	13,181	13,781
War of 1812 with Great Britain.....	June 18, 1812	Feb. 17, 1815	85,000	471,622	576,622
Seminole Indian War.....	Nov. 20, 1817	Oct. 21, 1818	1,000	6,911	7,911
Black Hawk Indian War.....	April 21, 1831	Sept. 31, 1832	1,339	5,126	6,465
Cherokee disturbance or removal.....	1836	1837	9,494	9,494
Creek Indian War or disturbance.....	May 5, 1836	Sept. 30, 1837	9,65	12,483	13,413
Florida Indian War.....	Dec. 23, 1835	Aug. 14, 1839	11,169	29,953	41,122
Aroostook disturbance.....	1838	1839	1,500	1,500
War with Mexico.....	April 24, 1846	July 4, 1848	30,654	73,776	113,230
Apache, Navajo, and Utah War.....	1849	1855	1,500	1,061	2,561
Seminole Indian War.....	1850	1858	3,687	2,687
Civil War.....	1861	1865	2,772,488

* Naval forces engaged.

† The number of troops on the Confederate side was about 600,000.

In the War of 1812-15 there were 10 battles, 8 combats and assaults, 52 actions and bombardments. In the Mexican War there were 11 pitched battles and 35 actions, combats, sieges and skirmishes. In the Civil War of 1861-65 there were 107 pitched battles, 102 combats and 362 actions, sieges and lesser affairs. Since 1812 the United States Army has had over 610 battles, fights and actions against Indians. Since 1780 there have been 912 garrisoned forts, arsenals and military posts in the United States. At the present time (1891) there are 144 garrisoned forts, arsenals and military posts.

Up to and including June, 1861, there were 1,966 graduates of the Military Academy, and of these there were living at the outbreak of the Civil War of 1861-65, 1,249. Of the 1,249, 428 were in civil life and 821 were in the military service of the United States. Of those in civil life, 292 took sides with the Union and 69 joined the Confederacy, while 37 are unknown. Of the 821 in the army, 627 sided with the Union, 184 joined the Confederacy, and 10 took neither side. Of the 99 who joined the Confederacy from civil life, all, except one, were either born and brought up or were residents of Southern territory. On the other hand, of the 350 graduates born or appointed from Southern States, 162 remained loyal to the United States. Of the graduates who served in the Civil War, one fifth were killed in battle, while one half were wounded.—Lieutenant W. R. Hamilton, U. S. A.

THE ARMY.

GENERALS.

<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Commands.</i>	<i>Headquarters.</i>
Major-General,	John M. Schofield,	United States Army,	Washington, D. C.
"	Oliver O. Howard,	Department of the East,	Governor's Island, N. Y.
"	Nelson A. Miles,	Department of the Missouri,	Chicago, Ill.
Brigadier-General,	Thomas H. Rager,	Department of California,	San Francisco, Cal.
"	Wesley Merritt,	Department of Dakota,	St. Paul, Minn.
"	David S. Stanley,	Department of Texas,	San Antonio, Tex.
"	John R. Brooke,	Department of the Platte,	Omaha, Neb.
"	A. McD. McCook,	Department of Arizona,	Los Angeles, Cal.
"	A. V. Kautz,	Department of the Columbia,	Vancouver Barke, Wash.
Brigadier-General,	John C. Kelton,	Adjutant-General,	Washington, D. C.
"	Richard N. Bacheider,	Quartermaster-General,	Washington, D. C.
"	William S. Smith,	Paymaster-General,	Washington, D. C.
"	Beekman Du Barry,	Commissary-General,	Washington, D. C.
"	C. Sutherland,	Surgeon-General,	Washington, D. C.
"	Adolphus W. Greely,	Chief Signal Officer,	Washington, D. C.
"	Thomas L. Casey,	Chief of Engineers,	Washington, D. C.
"	Jos. C. Breckinridge,	Inspector-General,	Washington, D. C.
Colonel,	Guido N. Lieber,	Acting Judge Advocate-Gen.,	Washington, D. C.

GENERALS ON THE RETIRED LIST.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>	<i>Name.</i>	<i>Rank.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Augar, C. C.	Brig.-Gen.	Washington, D. C.	Johnson, R. W.	Brig.-Gen.	St. Paul, Minn.
Baird, Absalom ..	"	Washington, D. C.	Long, Eli.	"	Kenka Co. I., N. Y.
Berét, S. V.	"	Washington, D. C.	Macfeely, R.	"	Washington, D. C.
Brice, B. W.	"	Washington, D. C.	Moore, John.	"	Washington, D. C.
Brown, N. W.	"	Washington, D. C.	Murray, Robert.	"	New-York City.
Carroll, S. S.	Maj.-Gen.	Washington, D. C.	Newton, John.	"	New-York City.
Cooke, P. St. G.	Brig.-Gen.	Detroit, Mich.	Pope, John.	Maj.-Gen.	St. Louis, Mo.
Crawford, S. W.	"	New-York City.	Potter, J. H.	Brig.-Gen.	Columbus, O.
Drum, R. C.	"	Bethesda, Md.	Robinson, J. C.	Maj.-Gen.	Binghamton, N. Y.
Duane, James C.	"	New-York City.	Roche-ter, W. B.	Brig.-Gen.	Washington, D. C.
Fessenden, F.	"	Portland, Me.	Rosecrans, W. S.	"	Washington, D. C.
Gibbon, John	"	Washington, D. C.	Rue-er, D. H.	"	Washington, D. C.
Grierson, B. H.	"	Jacksonville, Ill.	Sickles, Daniel E.	Maj.-Gen.	New-York City.
Hammond, W. A.	"	Washington, D. C.	Sweeny, T. W.	Brig.-Gen.	Astoria, N. Y.
Hardin, M. D.	"	Chicago, Ill.	Townsend, E. D.	"	Washington, D. C.
Holabird, S. B.	"	Philadelphia, Pa.	Willeox, O. B.	"	Washington, D. C.
Holt, Joseph	"	Washington, D. C.	Wood, T. J.	"	Dayton, O.
Ingalls, Rufus.	"	Portland, Ore.	Wright, H. G.	"	Washington, D. C.

The following are the dates of future retirements of generals now on the active list, to the close of 1895: Brigadier-General Kautz, January 5, 1891; Brigadier-General Stanley, June 1, 1892; Adjutant-General Kelton, June 24, 1893; Commissary Du Barry, December 3, 1892; Major-General Crook, September 8, 1893; Major-General Howard, November 8, 1894; Chief of Engineers Casey, May 10, 1895; Major-General Schofield, September 29, 1895.

ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY.

The army of the United States, in 1890, consisted of the following forces, in officers and men :

	<i>Officers.</i>	<i>Enlisted Men.</i>	<i>Aggregate.</i>
Ten cavalry regiments	432	6,050	6,482
Five artillery regiments	282	3,675	3,957
Twenty-five infantry regiments	877	12,125	13,002
Engineer Battalion, recruiting parties, ordnance department, hospital service Indian scouts, West Point, Signal detachment, and general service	579	3,370	3,949
Total	2,170	25,220	27,390

The United States are divided into eight military departments, as follows:

DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST.—New England States, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West-Virginia, North Carolina, South-Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio and the District of Columbia.

DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI.—Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Indian and Oklahoma Territories.

DEPARTMENT OF CALIFORNIA.—California (excepting that portion south of the 35th parallel) and Nevada.

DEPARTMENT OF DAKOTA.—Minnesota, South-Dakota (excepting so much as lies south of the 44th parallel), North-Dakota, Montana and the post of Fort Yellowstone, Wyo.

DEPARTMENT OF TEXAS.—State of Texas.

DEPARTMENT OF THE PLATTE.—Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado and Wyoming (excepting the post of Fort Yellowstone, Wyo.), Utah, so much of Idaho as lies east of a line formed by the extension of the western boundary of Utah to the northeastern boundary of Idaho, and so much of South-Dakota as lies south of the 44th parallel.

DEPARTMENT OF ARIZONA.—Arizona and New-Mexico, and California south of the 35th parallel.

DEPARTMENT OF THE COLUMBIA.—Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Alaska, excepting so much of Idaho as is embraced in the Department of the Platte.

THE ARMY—Continued.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE ARMY.

First Cavalry, Col. A. K. Arnold (Headquarters, Fort Ouster, Mont.), Montana, Kansas, North-Dakota, Virginia

Second Cavalry, Col. G. G. Bunt (Headquarters, Fort Wingate, N. M.), Arizona, Kansas, New-Mexico, *Third Cavalry, Col. A. P. Morrow* (Headquarters, Fort McIntosh, Tex.), Texas, South-Dakota.

Fourth Cavalry, Col. C. E. Crompton (Headquarters, Fort Walla Walla, Wash.), Washington, Idaho, California.

Fifth Cavalry, Col. J. F. Wade (Headquarters, Fort Reno, Oklahoma), Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Kansas

Sixth Cavalry, Col. E. A. Carr (Headquarters, Fort Niobrara, Neb.), Nebraska, Wyoming

Seventh Cavalry, Col. J. W. Forsyth (Headquarters, Fort Riley, Kan.), Oklahoma Territory, Kansas.

Eighth Cavalry, Col. J. S. Brislin (Headquarters, Fort Meade, S. Dak.), Montana, North and South-Dakota, Virginia

Ninth Cavalry, Col. James Biddle (Headquarters, Fort Robinson, Neb.), Nebraska, Utah, Kansas, Virginia

Tenth Cavalry, Col. J. K. Mizner (Headquarters, Fort Grant, Ariz.), Arizona, New-Mexico

First Artillery, Col. L. L. Langdon (Headquarters, Fort Hamilton, N. Y.), Virginia, New-York, Illinois.

Second Artillery, Col. John Mendenhall (Headquarters, Fort Adams, R. I.), Kansas, Massachusetts, Rhode-Island, Maine, Virginia, New-York, Connecticut.

Third Artillery, Col. L. L. Livingston (Headquarters, Washington, D. C.), District of Columbia, Maryland, Virginia, Texas.

Fourth Artillery, Col. H. W. Closson (Headquarters, Fort McPherson, Ga.), Rhode-Island, Kansas, Virginia, Georgia, Louisiana, Florida

Fifth Artillery, Col. W. W. Graham (Headquarters, Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.), Virginia, California, Washington.

First Infantry, Col. W. R. Shafter (Headquarters, Angel Island, Cal.), California.

Second Infantry, Col. Frank Wheaton (Headquarters, Fort Omaha, Neb.), Nebraska

Third Infantry, Col. E. C. Mason (Headquarters, Fort Snelling, Minn.), South-Dakota, Minnesota

Fourth Infantry, Col. William P. Carlin (Headquarters, Fort Sherman, Ida.), Washington, Idaho

Fifth Infantry, Col. N. W. Osborne (Headquarters,

St. Francis' Barracks, Fla.), Texas, Louisiana, Florida, Alabama, Kansas.

Sixth Infantry, Col. M. A. Cochran (Headquarters, Fort Thomas, Ky.), Kentucky, New-York.

Seventh Infantry, Col. H. C. Merriam (Headquarters, Fort Logan, Col.), Colorado, Wyoming, Kansas, Oklahoma

Eighth Infantry, Col. J. J. Van Horne (Headquarters, Fort McKinney, Wyo.), Nebraska, Wyoming.

Ninth Infantry, Col. Charles G. Burfield (Headquarters, Madison Barracks, N. Y.), Arizona, New-York

Tenth Infantry, Col. E. P. Pearson (Headquarters, Fort Marcy, N. M.), New-Mexico, California, Arizona, Kansas, Oklahoma.

Eleventh Infantry, Col. J. D. DeRussy (Headquarters, Fort Huachuca, Ariz.), New-York, Arizona.

Twelfth Infantry, Col. E. F. Townsend (Headquarters, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.), North and South-Dakota, Kansas, Alabama.

Thirteenth Infantry, Col. M. Bryant (Headquarters, Fort Supply, Indian Terr.), Indian Terr., Oklahoma Terr

Fourteenth Infantry, Col. T. M. Anderson (Headquarters, Vancouver Barracks, Wash.), Washington.

Fifteenth Infantry, Col. R. E. A. Crofton (Headquarters, Fort Sheridan, Ill.), Illinois.

Sixteenth Infantry, Col. M. M. Blunt (Headquarters, Fort Douglas, Utah), Utah.

Seventeenth Infantry, Col. J. S. Poland (Headquarters, Fort D. A. Russell, Wyo.), Wyoming.

Eighteenth Infantry, Col. H. M. Luzzell (Headquarters, Fort Clarke, Tex.), Texas.

Nineteenth Infantry, Col. W. H. Jordan (Headquarters, Fort Wayne, Mich.), Michigan.

Twentieth Infantry, Col. E. S. Otis (Headquarters, Fort Ashland, Mont.), Montana.

Twenty-first Infantry, Col. H. Jewett (Headquarters, Ft. Sidney, Neb.), Utah, Nebraska, South-Dakota.

Twenty-second Infantry, Col. P. T. Sparrow (Headquarters, Fort Keogh, Mont.), North-Dakota, Montana.

Twenty-third Infantry, Col. J. F. Coppinger (Headquarters, Fort Sam Houston, Tex.), Texas

Twenty-fourth Infantry, Col. Z. R. Bliss (Headquarters, Fort Bayard, N. M.), Arizona, New-Mexico.

Twenty-fifth Infantry, Col. George L. Andrews (Headquarters, Fort Missoula, Mont.), Montana, North-Dakota.

Battalion of Engineers, Lieut.-Col. W. R. King, Headquarters, Willet's Point, N. Y.

ARMY PAY TABLE.

GRADE.	PAY OF OFFICERS IN ACTIVE SERVICE.					PAY OF RETIRED OFFICERS.				
	Yearly Pay.					Yearly Pay.				
	First 5 years' service.	After 5 years' service.	After 10 years' service.	After 15 years' service.	After 20 years' service.	First 5 years' service.	After 5 years' service.	After 10 years' service.	After 15 years' service.	After 20 years' service.
		10 p.c.	20 p.c.	30 p.c.	40 p.c.					
Major-General.....	\$7,500					\$5,625				
Brigadier-General.....	5,400					4,125				
Colonel.....	3,500	\$4,500	\$1,200	\$1,500	\$2,450	2,625	\$2,887	\$3,150	\$3,375	\$3,375
Lieutenant-Colonel.....	3,000	3,300	3,600	3,900	4,000	2,250	2,475	2,700	2,925	3,000
Major.....	2,500	2,750	3,000	3,250	3,500	1,875	2,062	2,250	2,437	2,625
Captain, mounted.....	2,000	2,200	2,400	2,600	2,800	1,500	1,600	1,800	1,950	2,100
Captain, not mounted.....	1,800	1,950	2,100	2,300	2,500	1,350	1,485	1,620	1,755	1,890
Regimental Adjutant.....	1,800	1,980	2,160	2,340	2,520					
Regimental Quartermaster.....	1,800	1,980	2,160	2,340	2,520					
1st Lieutenant, mounted.....	1,600	1,760	1,920	2,080	2,240	1,200	1,320	1,440	1,560	1,680
1st Lieutenant, not mounted.....	1,500	1,650	1,800	1,950	2,100	1,125	1,237	1,350	1,462	1,575
2d Lieutenant, mounted.....	1,500	1,650	1,800	1,950	2,100	1,125	1,237	1,350	1,462	1,575
2d Lieutenant, not mounted.....	1,400	1,540	1,680	1,820	1,960	1,050	1,165	1,280	1,395	1,510
Chaplain.....	1,500	1,650	1,800	1,950	2,100	1,350	1,475	1,600	1,725	1,850

* The maximum pay of colonels is limited to \$4,500, and of lieutenant-colonels to \$4,000.

THE NAVY.

ADMIRALS.

ACTIVE LIST.

Rank.	Name.	Present Duty.	Residence.
Rear-Admiral...	Lewis A. Kimberly...	President Board Inspection and Survey	West Newton, Mass.
"	Bancroft Gherardi...	Commanding North Atlantic Station	F. Ship Philadelphia.
"	George E. Belknap...	Commanding Asiatic Station	Flag Ship Marion.
"	David B. Harmony...	Commanding Asiatic Station	Flag Ship Lancaster.
"	A. E. B. Benham...	Waiting orders	Brooklyn, N. Y.
"	John Irwin...	Commandant Navy Yard	Mare Island, Cal.

RETIRED LIST.

Rank.	Name.	Residence.	Rank.	Name.	Residence.
Rear-Ad.	Thomas O. Selfridge...	Washington, D. C.	Rear-Ad.	John C. Febiger...	Washington, D. C.
"	Samuel Phillips Lee...	Washington, D. C.	"	Pierce Crosby...	Washington, D. C.
"	Melanethon Smith...	S. Oyster Bay, N. Y.	"	Aaron K. Hughes...	Washington, D. C.
"	Joseph E. Green...	Brookline, Mass.	"	Edmund R. Calhoun...	Washington, D. C.
"	Henry Walke...	Brooklyn, N. Y.	"	Robert W. Shufeldt...	Washington, D. C.
"	Thornton A. Jenkins...	Washington, D. C.	"	Alexander C. Rhind...	New York.
"	Augustus L. Case...	Washington, D. C.	"	William G. Temple...	Washington, D. C.
"	John L. Worden...	Washington, D. C.	"	Thomas S. Phelps...	Washington, D. C.
"	John J. Almy...	Washington, D. C.	"	Earl English...	Culpeper, Va.
"	Roger N. Stemble...	Washington, D. C.	"	John H. Upshur...	Washington, D. C.
"	John C. Howell...	Washington, D. C.	"	Francis A. Roe...	Washington, D. C.
"	Daniel Ammen...	Annapolis, Md.	"	Samuel R. Franklin...	Washington, D. C.
"	George B. Balch...	Baltimore, Md.	"	Edward W. McCauley...	Philadelphia, Pa.
"	Thomas H. Stevens...	Washington, D. C.	"	John H. Russell...	Washington, D. C.
"	John M. B. Clitz...	Brooklyn, N. Y.	"	Walter W. Queen...	Washington, D. C.
"	Andrew Bryson...	Washington, D. C.	"	Daniel L. Brainin...	Brooklyn, N. Y.
"	Donald McN. Fairfax...	Hagerstown, Md.			

COMMODORES.

ACTIVE LIST.

Rank.	Name.	Present Duty.	Residence.
Commodore....	James A. Greer.....	Chairman Light House Board	Washington, D. C.
"	Aaron W. Weaver.....	Commandant Navy Yard	Norfolk, Va.
"	Wm. P. McCann.....	President Examining & Retiring Boards	Washington, D. C.
"	James H. Gillis.....	Waiting Orders	Nutley, N. J.
"	*George Brown.....	Commanding Pacific Station	F. S. San Francisco.
"	*John G. Walker.....	Commanding South Atlantic Station	Flag Ship Chicago.
"	Francis M. Ramsay.....	Chief Bureau Navigation	Washington, D. C.
"	Joseph S. Skerrett.....	Commandant Navy Yard	Washington, D. C.
"	Joseph Fyffe.....	Commandant Naval Station	New London, Ct.
"	Oscar F. Stanton.....	Governor Naval Home	Philadelphia.

* Acting Rear Admiral.

RETIRED LIST.

Rank.	Name.	Residence.	Rank.	Name.	Residence.
Com....	Henry Bruce.....	Boston, Mass.	Com....	Somerville Nicholson.	Washington, D. C.
"	Samuel Lockwood.....	Roxbury, Mass.	"	Wm. D. Whiting.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
"	Louis C. Sartori.....	Philadelphia, Pa.	"	Oscar C. Badger.	Washington, D. C.
"	Albert G. Clary.....	Leave of Absence.	"	Wm. K. Mayo.	Washington, D. C.
"	Wm. E. Hopkins.....	Fresno City, Cal.			

MARINE CORPS.

The United States Marine Corps consists of a force of 2,000 men. Colonel Charles Hayward is commandant.

NAVAL RETIRING BOARD.

The Naval Retiring Board is composed of Commodore W. P. McCann, President; Medical Directors W. C. Dean and Michael Bradley, and Commanders S. W. Terry and Henry Glass.

NAVY YARDS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Brooklyn Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y. | 7. New-London Naval Station, New-London, Ct. |
| 2. Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston, Mass. | 8. Pensacola Navy Yard, Pensacola, Fla. |
| 3. Gosport Navy Yard, near Norfolk, Va. | 9. Washington City Navy Yard, Washington, D. C. |
| 4. Kittery Navy Yard, opposite Portsmouth, N. H. | 10. Norfolk Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va. |
| 5. League Island Navy Yard, 7 miles below Philadelphia, Pa. | |
| 6. Mare Island Navy Yard, near San Francisco, Cal. | |

There are naval stations at New-London, Ct., Port Royal, S. C., and Key West, Fla., and a torpedo station and naval war college at Newport, R. I.

THE NAVY—Continued.

THE NEW UNITED STATES NAVY.

VESSELS.	Condition.	Material.	Displacement, Tons.	Speed, Knots.	Horse-Power.	Armament.
ARMORED VESSELS.						
Miantonomah.....	Built.....	Iron.....	3,815	10.5	1,600	4 10 in., 2 R F, 4 M G.
New-York.....	Building.....	Steel.....	8,150	20	16,500	16 8 in., 12 4 in. R F, 8 6 in. R F, 4 1 in. pdr., 4 M G.
Monterey.....	Built.....	".....	4,000	16	5,400	2 12 in., 20 in., 6 6 pdrs., 4 3 pdrs., 2 R F, 2 M G.
Massachusetts.....	Building.....	".....	10,298	16.2	9,000	4 13 in., 8 8 in., 4 6 in., 28 R F and M G.
Oregon.....	".....	".....	10,298	16.2	9,000	4 13 in., 8 8 in., 4 6 in., 28 R F and M G.
Texas.....	Built.....	".....	6,300	17	8,600	2 12 in., 46 tons B L R, 6 6 in., 8 R F, 4 millimetres.
Maine.....	".....	".....	6,648	17	9,000	40 10 in., 26 tons B L R, 6 6 in., 8 R F, 17 millimetres.
Puritan.....	".....	".....	6,060	13	3,700	4 12 in., 25 tons B L R, 4 R F, 4 millimetres.
Amphitrite.....	".....	".....	3,815	12	1,600	4 10 in., 25 tons B L R, 2 R F, 4 millimetres.
Monadnock.....	".....	".....	3,815	12	1,600	4 10 in., 25 tons B L R, 2 R F, 4 millimetres.
Terror.....	".....	".....	3,815	12	1,600	4 10 in., 25 tons B L R, 2 R F, 4 millimetres.
Cruising Monitor.....	Building.....	".....	3,130	17	7,500	2 10 in., 1 6 in., 6 R F, 1 15 in. Dynamite.
Pirate.....	".....	".....	3,150	20	16,500	6 8 in., 12 4 in. B L R, 16 R F G.
Ajax.....	Built.....	Iron.....	2,100	6	340	2 15 in. S B.
Comanche.....	".....	".....	1,875	6	340	None.
Canonicus.....	".....	".....	2,100	6	340	2 15 in. S B.
Catskill.....	".....	".....	1,875	6	340	2 15 in. S B.
Jason.....	".....	".....	1,875	6	340	2 15 in. S B.
Lehigh.....	".....	".....	1,875	6	340	2 15 in. S B.
Mahopac.....	".....	".....	2,100	6	340	2 15 in. S B.
Manhattan.....	".....	".....	2,100	6	340	2 15 in. S B.
Montauk.....	".....	".....	1,875	6	340	2 15 in. S B.
Nahant.....	".....	".....	1,875	6	340	2 15 in. S B.
Nantucket.....	".....	".....	1,875	7	340	2 15 in. S B.
Passaic.....	".....	".....	1,875	6	340	2 15 in. S B.
Wyandotte.....	".....	".....	2,100	6	340	2 15 in. S B.
Harbor Defence Ram.....	Building.....	Steel.....	2,050	17	4,800	Not yet settled.
UNARMORED VESSELS.						
Chicago.....	Built.....	".....	4,500	14	5,084	4 8 in., 8 6 in., 2 5 in. B L R, 12 R F.
Boston.....	".....	".....	3,189	15.6	4,030	2 8 in., 6 6 in. B L R, 12 R F.
Atlanta.....	".....	".....	3,189	15.6	4,030	Same as Boston.
Dolphin.....	".....	".....	1,485	15.5	2,240	1 6 in. B L R, 8 R F.
Newark.....	".....	".....	4,083	18	8,500	2 8 in., 6 6 in. B L R, 16 R F.
Charleston.....	".....	".....	3,730	18	7,500	2 8 in., 6 6 in. B L R, 4 R F, 4 M G.
Baltimore.....	".....	".....	4,600	19.5	10,064	4 8 in., 6 6 in. B L R, 14 R F.
San Francisco.....	".....	".....	4,083	20.7	10,400	12 6 in. B L R, 17 R F.
Philadelphia.....	".....	".....	4,324	19.6	8,115	Same as San Francisco.
Cruiser No. 6.....	Building.....	".....	5,500	20	13,500	4 8 in., 10 5 in. B L R, 24 R F.
" 7.....	".....	".....	3,185	19	10,000	1 6 in., 10 4 in. B L R, 14 R F.
Raleigh.....	".....	".....	3,893	19	10,000	1 6 in., 10 4 in. B L R, 14 R F.
Mobile.....	".....	".....	2,000	17	5,400	2 6 in., 8 4 in. B L R, 10 R F.
Detroit.....	".....	".....	2,000	17	5,400	Same as Mobile.
Cruiser No. 11.....	".....	".....	2,000	17	5,400	Same as Mobile.
" 12.....	".....	".....	7,400	21	21,000	1 8 in., 2 6 in., 12 4 in. B L R, 28 R F.
GUN-BOATS.						
Yorktown.....	Built.....	".....	1,700	16.6	3,660	6 6 in. B L R, 9 R F.
Concord.....	".....	".....	1,700	16	3,400	6 6 in. B L R, 4 R F, 5 M G.
Bennington.....	".....	".....	1,700	16	3,400	6 6 in., 4 R F, 5 M G.
Petrel.....	".....	".....	809	11.5	1,045	4 6 in. B L R, 7 R F.
No. 5.....	Building.....	".....	1,050	14	1,600	8 4 in. B L R, 8 R F.
" 6.....	".....	".....	1,050	14	1,600	Same as No. 5.
SPECIAL CLASS.						
Practice Cruiser.....	Building.....	".....	838	13	1,300	4 4 in. B L R, 7 R F.
Vesuvius.....	Built.....	".....	725	21.5	3,795	3 15 in. Dynamite, 3 R F.
Dynamite Cruiser.....	Building.....	".....	Not settled.
No. 2.....	".....	".....	Not settled.
Torpedo Cruiser.....	".....	".....	Not settled.
Stiletto*.....	Built.....	Wood.....	31	18	350	None.
Cushing.....	".....	Steel.....	116	22.5	1,720	3 1 pdr. R F.
No. 2*.....	Building.....	".....	Not settled.

* Torpedo boats. R F, Rapid Fire Gun. B L R, Breach-loading Rifle. M G, Machine Gun.

THE OLD NAVY.

In addition to the above, the Navy possesses 59 iron and wooden sailing and steam vessels, tugs, school-ships, etc. Of these, 30 are in commission.

United States Military Academy at West Point.

Each Congressional District and Territory—also the District of Columbia—is entitled to have one cadet at the Academy, the cadet to be named by the Representative in Congress. There are also ten appointments at large, specially conferred by the President of the United States. The number of students is thus limited to three hundred and forty-seven. At present there are two extra cadets at the Academy, who were authorized by Congress to enter at their own expense. One is from Switzerland and the other from Central America.

Appointments are usually made one year in advance of date of admission, and may be made either after competitive examination or given direct, at the option of the Representative. The Representative may nominate a legally qualified second candidate, to be designated the alternate. The alternate will receive from the War Department a letter of appointment, and will be examined with the regular appointee, and if duly qualified will be admitted to the Academy in the event of the failure of the principal to pass the prescribed preliminary examinations. Appointees to the Military Academy must be between seventeen and twenty-two years of age, free from any infirmity which may render them unfit for military service, and able to pass a careful examination in reading, writing, orthography, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and history of the United States.

The course of instruction, which is quite thorough, requires four years, and is largely mathematical and professional. The principal subjects taught are mathematics, French, drawing, tactics of all arms of the service, natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, mineralogy, geology, and electricity, history, international, constitutional, and military law, Spanish, and civil and military engineering, and science of war. About one fourth of those appointed usually fail to pass the preliminary examination, and but little over one half the remainder finally graduate. The discipline is very strict—even more so than in the army—and the enforcement of penalties for offences is inflexible rather than severe. Academic duties begin September 1 and continue until June 1. Examinations are held in each January and June, and cadets must perform proficient in studies and correct in conduct are given the particular standing in their class to which their merits entitle them, while those cadets deficient in either conduct or studies are discharged.

From about the middle of June to the end of August cadets lie in camp, engaged only in military duties and receiving practical military instruction. Cadets are allowed but one leave of absence during the four years' course, and this is granted at the expiration of the first two years. The pay of a cadet is five hundred and forty dollars per year, and, with proper economy, is sufficient for his support. The number of students at the Academy is usually about three hundred.

Upon graduating cadets are commissioned as second lieutenants in the United States Army. The whole number of graduates from 1802 to 1891 has been three thousand four hundred and forty-one (3441). It is virtually absolutely necessary for a person seeking an appointment to apply to his Member of Congress. The appointments by the President are usually restricted to sons of officers of the army.

The Academy was established by act of Congress in 1802. An annual Board of Visitors is appointed, seven being appointed by the President of the United States, two by the President of the Senate, and three by the Speaker of the House of Representatives. They visit the Academy in June, and are present at the concluding exercises of the graduating class of that year. The Superintendent is Colonel John M. Wilson, of the Corps of Engineers, and the military and academic staff consists of sixty persons. Second Lieutenant John M. Carson, Jr., Fifth Cavalry, is adjutant.

The two oldest living graduates of the Military Academy are William C. Young, of New-York, who graduated in 1822, and General George S. Greene, of New-Jersey, who graduated in 1823.

United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

There are allowed at the Academy one naval cadet for each member or delegate of the United States House of Representatives, one for the District of Columbia, and ten at large. The appointment of cadets at large and for the District of Columbia is made by the President. The Secretary of the Navy, as soon after March 5 of each year as possible, must notify in writing each member and delegate of the House of Representatives of any vacancy that may exist in his district. The nomination of a candidate to fill the vacancy is made on the recommendation of the member or delegate, by the Secretary. Candidates must be actual residents of the districts from which they are nominated.

The course of naval cadets is six years, the last two of which are spent at sea. Candidates at the time of their examination for admission must be not under fifteen nor over twenty years of age and physically sound, well formed, and of robust condition. They enter the Academy immediately after passing the prescribed examinations, and are required to sign articles binding themselves to serve in the United States Navy eight years (including the time of probation at the Naval Academy), unless sooner discharged. The pay of a naval cadet is five hundred dollars a year, beginning at the date of admission.

Appointments to fill all vacancies that occur during a year in the lower grades of the Line and Engineer Corps of the Navy and of the Marine Corps are made from the naval cadets, graduates of the year, at the conclusion of their six years' course, in the order of merit as determined by the Academic Board of the Naval Academy. At least ten appointments from such graduates are made each year. Surplus graduates who do not receive such appointments are given a certificate of graduation, an honorable discharge, and one year's sea pay.

The Academy was founded in 1845 by the Hon. George Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy in the administration of President Polk. It was formally opened October 10 of that year, with Commodore Franklin Buchanan as Superintendent. During the Civil War it was removed from Annapolis, Md., to Newport, R.I., but was returned to the former place in 1865. It is under the direct supervision of the Navy Department. Captain Robert L. Phythian, U. S. N., is the present Superintendent.

Generals Commanding the United States Army.

	From	To		From	To		From	To
George Washington*.....	1775	1783	James Wilkinson*.....	1802	1812	Henry W. Halleck*.....	1862	1864
Henry Knox*.....	1783	1784	Henry Dearborn*.....	1812	1815	Ulysses S. Grant†.....	1864	1869
Josiah Harmer.....	1788	1791	Jacob Brown*.....	1815	1828	William T. Sherman*.....	1869	1883
Arthur St. Clair*.....	1791	1796	Alexander Macomb*.....	1828	1841	Philip H. Sheridan*.....	1873	1883
James Wilkinson*.....	1796	1798	Winfield Scott*.....	1841	1861	John M. Schofield*.....	1883
George Washington†.....	1798	1799	George B. McClellan*.....	1861	1862			

* Rank of Major-General. † General. ‡ Brigadier-General. Josiah Harmer was a Lieutenant-Colonel and General-in-Chief by brevet.

Soldiers' Homes.

LOCATIONS OF HOMES FOR DISABLED UNITED STATES SOLDIERS AND SAILORS, AND REGULATIONS FOR ADMISSION TO THEM.

NATIONAL HOME FOR DISABLED VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS.

President of the Board of Managers... General William B. Franklin, Hartford, Conn.
Secretary... General M. T. McMahon, 93 Nassau Street, New York City.

BRANCHES OF THE NATIONAL HOME.

BRANCHES.	Location.	No. of Members.	BRANCHES.	Location.	No. of Members.
Central.....	Dayton, O.....	4,683	Pacific.....	Santa Monica, Cal..	557
Northwestern.....	Milwaukee, Wis....	1,255	Marion.....	Marion, Ind.....	518
East.....	Togus, Me.....	1,667			
Southern.....	Hampton, Va.....	2,604	Total.....		13,928
Western.....	Leavenworth, Kan..	2,004			

Above is average number present in National Home for year ending June 30, 1891. Total number cared for in National Home during same period, 21,157.

NOTIFICATION.

All disabled soldiers and sailors of the United States—whether of the late war or the Mexican War—are notified that homes have been established at the places above named, for all such as are unable to earn a living by labor. All the ordinary comforts of a home are provided—chapels for religious service, halls for concerts, lectures, etc., hospitals with experienced surgeons and nurses, library and reading-rooms, amusement halls, post and telegraph offices, stores, etc. Good behavior ensures the kindest treatment.

Soldiers and sailors are especially informed that the Home is neither an hospital nor almshouse, but a home where subsistence, quarters, clothing, religious instruction and amusements are provided by the Government of the United States. The provision is not a charity, but is a reward to the brave and deserving, and is their right, to be forfeited only by bad conduct at the Home, or conviction of heinous crimes.

A soldier or sailor desiring admission may apply by letter to either of the managers, whereupon a blank application will be sent to him, and if he be found duly qualified, transportation will be furnished; or he can apply personally, or by letter, at the branch nearest to his place of residence.

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

1. An honorable discharge from the United States for service during Rebellion or Mexican War.
2. Disability which prevents the applicant from earning his living by labor.
3. Applicants for admission will be required to stipulate and agree to abide by all the rules and regulations made by the Board of Managers, or by their order; to perform all duties required of them, and to obey all the lawful orders of the officers of the Home. Attention is called to the fact that by the law establishing the Home the members are made subject to the Rules and Articles of War, and will be governed thereby in the same manner as if they were in the Army of the United States. Applicants must state whether or not they have been in a home before.
4. A soldier or sailor must forward with his application for admission his Discharge Paper, and when he is a pensioner his Pension Certificate, before his application will be considered, which papers will be retained at the branch to which the applicant is admitted, to be kept there for him, and returned to him when he is discharged. This rule is adopted to prevent the loss of such papers and certificates, and to hinder fraudulent practices; and no application will be considered unless these papers be sent with it. If the original discharge does not exist, a copy of discharge, certified by the War or Navy Department, or by the Adjutant-General of the State, must accompany the application. On admission he must also transfer his Pension Certificate to the Home, and the moneys secured thereby, and empower the treasurer of the Home to draw the said moneys, and to hold and dispose of them, subject to the laws of Congress, and the rules, regulations and orders which have been or may hereafter be made by the Board of Managers of said National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers. Pensioners receiving over \$16 a month will not be admitted.

REGULATIONS GOVERNING PAYMENT OF PENSIONS.

The pensions to be paid to the beneficiaries of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, under the act approved February 26, 1884, making appropriations for the payment of invalid and other pensions of the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1882, etc., shall be held by the treasurers of the branches, and be paid over to the pensioners at such times and in such amounts as the Governors may direct, with the following reservations:

A pensioner having a wife, child or parent dependent upon him may send, or may direct that all of his pension money shall be sent to such dependent relative.

The Government may prevent a hurtful or wasteful or extravagant use of the pension money in any case by retaining a sufficient amount until in their opinion the danger or harm or waste or extravagance has passed; any balance due the pensioner at the date of his death shall be paid to his lawful heirs.

STATE HOMES FOR DISABLED VOLUNTEER SOLDIERS.

STATE.	Location.	No. of Members.	STATE.	Location.	No. of Members.
California.....	Yountville.....	234	New-Jersey.....	Kearney.....	313
Connecticut.....	Noroton.....	246	New-York.....	Bath.....	1,058
Illinois.....	Quincy.....	882	Ohio.....	Sandusky.....	505
Iowa.....	Marshalltown.....	353	Pennsylvania.....	Erie.....	423
Kansas.....	Dodge City.....	30	Rhode-Island.....	Bristol.....	39
Massachusetts.....	Chelsea.....	103	South-Dakota.....	Hot Springs.....	58
Michigan.....	Grand Rapids.....	463	Vermont.....	Bennington.....	59
Minnesota.....	Minnephaha.....	134	Wisconsin.....	Waupaca.....	99
Nebraska.....	Grand Island.....	71			
New-Hampshire.....	Tilton.....	40			5,292

Above is average number present in State Homes for year ending June 30, 1891.

SOLDIERS' HOMES—Continued.

STATISTICS OF SOLDIERS' HOMES FOR THE FISCAL YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1891.

	1891.		1891.
Average number of members present, National Homes.....	13,931	Pensioners, number, National Homes....	11,169
Average present and absent, National Homes.....	17,528	Pensioners, amount, National Homes....	\$1,421,841.76
Whole number cared for, National Homes.....	21,157	Average amount of pension, National Homes.....	127.06
Deaths, National Homes.....	1,026	Amount reported as sent to families through Home Treasurers, National Homes.....	327,000.31
Average age of number cared for, National Homes.....	57.47	Amount paid pensioners direct, National Homes.....	1,046,147.03
Average age of those who died, National Homes.....	63.44	Average number present in State Homes	5,292
Amount expended for support of less construction and repairs, National Homes.....	\$1,943,385.04	Amount paid State Homes.....	\$520,697.85
Annual cost of maintenance of each man, National Homes.....	139.50	Average number present for the year in National and State Homes.....	19,106

UNITED STATES HOME FOR REGULAR ARMY SOLDIERS.

The United States Soldiers' Home in the District of Columbia receives and maintains discharged soldiers of the *regular* army. All soldiers who have served twenty years as enlisted men in the army (including volunteer service, if any), and all soldiers of less than twenty years' service who have incurred such disability, by wounds, disease, or injuries *in the line of duty while in the regular army*, as unfits them for further service, are entitled to the benefits of the Home.

A pensioner who enters the Home may assign his pension, or any part of it, to his child, wife or parent, by filing written notice with the agent who pays him. If not so assigned, it is drawn by the treasurer of the Home and held in trust for the pensioner, to whom it is paid in such sums as the commissioners deem proper while he is an inmate of the Home, the balance being paid in full when he takes his discharge and leaves the Home. Inmates are subject to the rules and articles of war, the same as soldiers in the army. They are comfortably lodged, fed and clothed, and receive medical attendance and medicines all without cost to them. There are 1,250 men now receiving the benefits of the Home.

The Board of Commissioners consist of "the General-in-Chief commanding the army, the Surgeon-General, the Commissary-General, the Adjutant-General, the Quartermaster-General, the Judge Advocate-General and the Governor of the Home."

Applications for admission to the Home may be addressed to the "Board of Commissioners, Soldiers' Home, War Department, Washington City, D. C.," and must give date of enlistment and date of discharge, with letter of company and number of regiment for each and every term of service, and rate of pension, if any, and must be accompanied by a medical certificate showing nature and degree of disability, if any exists.

The State Militia of the States of the Union.

STRENGTH OF THE NATIONAL GUARD AND OF THE AVAILABLE ARMS-BEARING POPULATION OF EACH OF THE STATES AND TERRITORIES.

COMPILED FOR THE WORLD ALMANAC from records in the War Department up to October 1, 1891, by Lieutenant W. R. Hamilton, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Artillery.	Total Enlisted.	Total Commissioned.	Number of available men (unorganized).	STATES AND TERRITORIES.	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Artillery.	Total Enlisted.	Total Commissioned.	Number of available men (unorganized).
Alabama.....	2,439	236	166	2,671	283	160,000	Nebraska.....	1,143	54	61	1,257	87	113,500
Arizona.....	29	28	21	14,935	Nevada.....	449	...	71	514	51	11,178
Arkansas.....	2,110	2,118	202	125,000	New Hampshire.....	376	53	98	1,000	151	34,000
California.....	3,293	50	870	3,954	376	130,352	New Jersey.....	3,769	...	3,699	3,678	3,678	281,800
Colorado.....	708	738	72	85,000	New Mexico.....	3,800	382	...	752	73	30,000
Connecticut.....	2,546	...	68	2,614	243	90,834	New York.....	12,491	98	39	12,627	718	620,000
Delaware.....	428	118	...	540	58	36,000	North Carolina.....	1,282	35	...	1,317	161	22,000
D. of Columbia.....	281	43	35	1,339	146	42,000	North Dakota.....	485	485	48	36,178
Florida.....	933	528	27	950	836	47,795	Ohio.....	4,176	60	509	4,736	374	600,000
Georgia.....	2,933	...	135	3,068	374	204,021	Oregon.....	1,441	75	48	1,564	137	43,744
Idaho.....	293	298	29	19,000	Pennsylvania.....	7,306	193	219	7,717	588	692,194
Illinois.....	3,597	47	108	3,722	323	542,624	Rhode Island.....	1,029	61	63	1,152	142	47,000
Indiana.....	1,995	23	178	2,199	178	151,075	South Carolina.....	2,017	1,269	518	4,704	509	116,000
Iowa.....	2,491	2,521	210	233,998	South Dakota.....	470	450	43	60,000
Kansas.....	1,606	...	51	1,717	152	225,000	Tennessee.....	1,235	37	254	1,525	146	263,000
Kentucky.....	1,199	1,199	72	385,000	Texas.....	2,267	115	123	2,445	243	370,000
Louisiana.....	1,173	152	239	1,564	101	138,439	Vermont.....	709	709	75	44,164
Maine.....	1,007	1,007	83	67,803	Virginia.....	2,103	283	200	2,587	232	220,000
Maryland.....	1,854	1,854	189	125,000	Washington.....	929	111	...	1,049	105	50,000
Massachusetts.....	4,487	217	311	4,615	375	330,691	West Virginia.....	758	758	62	90,000
Michigan.....	2,324	2,324	110	341,688	Wisconsin.....	2,347	53	65	2,463	196	286,289
Minnesota.....	1,627	...	138	1,755	152	155,000	Wyoming.....	227	227	16	12,200
Mississippi.....	1,120	175	175	1,470	55	140,000							
Missouri.....	1,887	...	120	2,007	154	350,000							
Montana.....	485	77	57	619	58	31,050							
							Total.....	92,203	4,554	5,224	101,981	9,311	9,760,156

United States Pension Statistics.

NUMBER OF PENSIONERS ON THE ROLLS JUNE 30, 1891.

AGENCIES.	UNDER THE GENERAL LAW.				UNDER THE ACT OF JUNE 27, 1890.				No. of Pensioners on the Rolls June 30, 1891.	No. of Pensioners on the Rolls June 30, 1890.
	ARMY.		NAVY.		ARMY.		NAVY.			
	Invalids.	Widows, etc.	Invalids.	Widows, etc.	Invalids.	Widows, etc.	Invalids.	Widows, etc.		
Columbus, O.....	46,303	11,062	11,707	1,406	72,862	56,243
Topeka, Kan.....	37,178	6,929	13,856	1,349	62,550	44,867
Indianapolis, Ind.....	42,491	8,841	1,481	652	57,771	5,165
Chicago, Ill.....	34,393	8,475	1,145	343	6,055	851	937	241	54,336	44,614
Washington, D. C.....	24,184	4,972	9-9	548	10,307	913	924	206	46,001	32,013
Des Moines, Ia.....	28,530	4,563	5,930	516	40,541	32,263
Boston, Mass.....	20,214	9,066	1,330	774	3,084	939	752	361	37,637	31,021
Philadelphia, Pa.....	19,001	7,311	816	414	6,249	1,156	582	270	37,329	20,366
Buffalo, N. Y.....	23,405	7,498	3,991	587	30,317	30,600
Milwaukee, Wis.....	25,152	4,895	3,976	473	34,941	29,653
Detroit, Mich.....	23,773	4,813	4,278	436	33,867	27,143
Knoxville, Tenn.....	12,442	4,853	6,286	630	32,516	25,230
New-York, N. Y.....	17,267	7,252	790	455	3,567	947	684	335	32,401	25,927
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	19,181	5,477	5,938	534	34,220	21,802
Louisville, Ky.....	11,318	3,850	4,327	436	21,440	10,023
Concord, N. H.....	11,004	3,663	1,649	160	17,139	15,427
Augusta, Me.....	10,773	3,500	774	174	15,764	14,665
San Francisco, Cal.....	5,215	700	179	34	1,252	107	97	23	11,337	6,418
Total.....	413,897	108,561	5,449	2,468	97,136	12,209	3,976	1,436	676,160	537,944
Increase during year.....	29,788	4,104	175	108	97,137	12,209	3,976	1,436	138,216

Pensioners of the War of 1812—survivors, 284; widows, 7,590. Pensioners of the war with Mexico—survivors, 10,379; widows, 6,676.

NUMBER OF PENSION CLAIMS, PENSIONERS AND DISBURSEMENTS, 1861-91.

FISCAL YEAR ENDING JUNE 30.	ARMY AND NAVY.		Total Number of Applications Filed.	Total Number of Claims Allowed.	NUMBER OF PENSIONERS ON THE ROLL.			Disbursement.
	Claims Allowed.				Invalids.	Widows, etc.	Total.	
	Invalids.	Widows, etc.						
1861.....	4,337	4,209	8,546	\$1,072,461.55
1862.....	413	49	2,487	462	4,341	3,815	8,156	790,384.76
1863.....	4,121	3,793	49,332	7,884	7,821	6,079	13,901	1,025,139.01
1864.....	17,041	22,446	53,599	30,487	23,479	27,056	51,135	4,504,610.92
1865.....	15,212	24,959	72,684	40,171	35,880	50,106	85,986	8,525,113.11
1866.....	22,883	27,294	65,250	50,177	55,652	71,070	126,722	13,410,090.43
1867.....	16,589	10,893	36,753	36,482	69,655	83,618	153,183	18,016,946.46
1868.....	9,460	14,401	20,768	28,621	75,957	93,686	169,643	24,010,681.99
1869.....	7,292	15,094	26,066	23,199	82,849	111,164	194,013	27,422,884.08
1870.....	5,721	12,600	24,811	18,221	87,521	111,165	198,686	28,780,811.71
1871.....	7,034	8,399	43,969	16,762	93,364	114,111	207,495	33,077,383.63
1872.....	6,468	7,244	26,301	34,333	113,954	118,275	232,229	30,150,341.00
1873.....	6,511	4,673	18,303	16,652	119,500	118,275	237,111	29,683,116.63
1874.....	5,947	3,152	16,734	10,462	121,627	114,613	236,241	30,593,710.56
1875.....	5,790	4,736	13,704	11,152	122,089	111,832	233,921	29,683,116.63
1876.....	5,360	4,376	23,253	9,977	124,239	107,898	232,137	28,351,566.66
1877.....	7,282	3,261	22,715	11,320	128,725	133,381	262,106	28,581,117.14
1878.....	7,414	3,550	44,887	11,992	131,610	92,349	223,958	26,844,145.18
1879.....	7,242	3,379	57,118	31,346	138,615	104,149	242,764	33,790,526.10
1880.....	10,176	4,455	141,466	19,545	145,410	105,302	250,712	57,240,140.14
1881.....	21,304	3,920	31,116	27,364	164,110	103,720	267,830	60,626,551.51
1882.....	22,045	3,099	40,939	27,664	162,633	103,654	266,287	60,626,551.51
1883.....	32,014	5,373	48,776	38,162	206,042	97,016	303,058	66,431,072.85
1884.....	27,414	6,366	41,785	34,102	225,470	97,266	322,736	57,273,536.74
1885.....	27,680	7,713	49,918	35,707	247,440	97,079	344,519	65,693,706.72
1886.....	31,917	8,610	49,804	40,867	279,346	95,437	374,783	64,884,270.15
1887.....	35,283	11,217	72,405	55,104	306,908	99,790	406,698	74,815,480.85
1888.....	33,843	10,816	75,226	60,252	343,701	108,856	452,557	79,610,116.37
1889.....	36,839	11,624	81,220	51,921	373,669	116,260	489,925	80,131,068.44
1890.....	50,395	14,612	105,044	66,637	415,654	122,209	537,863	106,449,890.19
1891.....	41,361	11,914	363,799	156,486	536,821	139,339	676,160	118,548,949.71
Total.....	531,873	280,918	1,716,670	1,012,244	\$1,277,261,263.67

In the total number of applications filed in 1891 are included 243,680 invalids and 78,270 widows, etc., under the act of June 27, 1890, and 756 survivors and 885 widows of the war with Mexico. In the number of claims allowed in 1891 are included 68,611 invalids and 12,776 widows, etc., under the act of June 27, 1890, and 336 survivors and 385 widows of the war with Mexico. There were also filed during the year 33,582 applications under the act of June 27, 1890, in cases in which pension had already been allowed or applied for.

UNITED STATES PENSION STATISTICS.—Continued.

PENSION AGENCIES, PENSION AGENTS, AND GEOGRAPHICAL LIMITS, JUNE 30, 1891.

AGENCIES.	Agents.	Geographical Limits.	Pay-Places Naval Pensioners.	Disbursements.
Augusta.....	Joseph A. Clark.....	Maine.....	Boston.....	\$2,821,409
Boston.....	William H. Osbourne.....	Connecticut, Mass., Rhode Island.....	Boston.....	6,447,082
Buffalo.....	J. Seckenbeger.....	Western New-York.....	New-York City.....	6,140,389
Chicago.....	Isaac Clements.....	Illinois.....	Chicago.....	9,457,983
Columbus.....	John G. Mitchell.....	Ohio.....	Chicago.....	13,664,887
Concord.....	Thomas F. Cheney.....	New-Hampshire, Vermont.....	Boston.....	2,937,928
Des Moines.....	Stephen A. Marine.....	Iowa, Nebraska.....	Chicago.....	6,867,752
Detroit.....	Edward H. Harvey.....	Michigan.....	Chicago.....	6,145,508
Indianapolis.....	Nicholas Ensley.....	Indiana.....	Chicago.....	10,632,139
Knoxville.....	William Rule.....	Southern States*.....	Washington.....	5,462,197
Louisville.....	C. J. Walton.....	Kentucky.....	Chicago.....	4,027,711
Milwaukee.....	Levi E. Pond.....	Minnesota, Dakotas, Wisconsin.....	Chicago.....	5,698,320
New York.....	F. C. Loveland.....	East New-York, East New-Jersey.....	New-York City.....	5,617,834
Philadelphia.....	W. H. Schmidt.....	East Pa., West New-Jersey.....	Philadelphia.....	6,036,426
Pittsburgh.....	H. H. Bengough.....	West Pennsylvania.....	Philadelphia.....	5,199,788
San Francisco.....	John C. Corrie.....	Pacific Coast.....	San Francisco.....	1,578,935
Topeka.....	Bernard Kelly.....	Colorado, Kansas, Mo., N. Mexico.....	Chicago.....	10,732,710
Washington.....	Sidney L. Wilson.....	Del., Md., Virginia, W. Virginia†.....	Washington.....	9,016,799
Total.....				\$118,435,827

* Excepting the States in the Louisville and Washington districts. † Also the District of Columbia and foreign countries. The expenses of pension agencies in disbursing the pension fund during the fiscal year were \$1,509,767. This is independent of the expense of maintaining the pension bureau at Washington.

PENSIONERS IN EACH STATE AND TERRITORY.

Alabama.....	2,065	Idaho.....	537	Michigan.....	34,447	N. Carolina.....	2,407	Utah Ter.....	54
Alaska.....	14	Illinois.....	49,711	Minnesota.....	10,873	North-Dakota.....	977	Vermont.....	8,466
Arizona.....	289	Indiana.....	5,734	Mississippi.....	1,641	Ohio.....	75,497	Virginia.....	5,256
Arkansas.....	5,604	Indian Ter.....	1,022	Missouri.....	33,135	Oklahoma.....	1,387	Washington.....	2,285
California.....	6,604	Iowa.....	28,430	Montana.....	762	Oregon.....	2,264	West Virginia.....	6,767
Colorado.....	3,351	Kansas.....	29,421	Nebraska.....	12,611	Pennsylvania.....	63,660	Wisconsin.....	20,609
Connecticut.....	8,713	Kentucky.....	21,441	Nevada.....	160	Rhode Island.....	2,889	Wyoming.....	364
Delaware.....	1,704	Louisiana.....	1,788	N. Hampshire.....	7,77	S. Carolina.....	814	Foreign couns.....	2,046
Dist. of Col.....	6,132	Maine.....	17,616	New-Jersey.....	13,375	South-Dakota.....	3,572		
Florida.....	1,343	Maryland.....	7,867	New-Mexico.....	450	Tennessee.....	12,214	Total.....	676,150
Georgia.....	1,071	Mass.....	25,973	New-York.....	60,335	Texas.....	5,270		

The oldest pensioner on the rolls, June 30, 1891, was Mrs. Anne Hyde, of Fishkill, N. Y., aged 102 years.

WIDOWS OF REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS ON PENSION ROLLS JUNE 30, 1891.

NAME OF WIDOW.	Age.	Name of Soldier.	Service of Soldier	Widow's Residence.
Aldrich, Lovey.....	61	Aldrich, Caleb.....	N. Hampshire and R. I. troops	Seattle, Wash.
Betz, Elizabeth.....	88	Betz, Peter.....	Pennsylvania troops.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
Brown, Mary.....	86	Brown, Joseph.....	Ditto.....	Knoxville, Tenn.
Cloud, Nancy.....	78	Cloud, William.....	Virginia troops.....	St. Paul, Minn.
Dabney, Sarah.....	61	Dabney, John Q.....	Ditto.....	Barry, Ill.
Damon, Esther S.....	77	Damon, Noah.....	Massachusetts troops.....	Plymouth, Union, Vt.
Dunmore, Jane.....	90	Merrill, James.....	Connecticut troops.....	Bradford, N. Y.
Green, Nancy A.....	73	Edens, Elias.....	South Carolina troops.....	Napoleon, Ind.
Heath, Sally.....	70	Heath, William.....	North Carolina troops.....	Burnside, Ky.
Jones, Nancy.....	77	Darling, James.....	North Carolina troops.....	Jonesboro, Tenn.
Mayo, Rebecca.....	78	Mayo, Stephen.....	Virginia troops.....	Newbern, Va.
Morton, Olive C.....	80	Tuman, Peter.....	New-York troops.....	Elva, Mich.
Morse, Lucy.....	90	Morse, Abiah.....	Connecticut troops.....	East Barrard, Vt.
Rains, Nancy.....	99	Rains, John.....	Virginia troops.....	Carter Furnace, Tenn.
Richardson, Patty.....	91	Richardson, Godfrey.....	New-York troops.....	East Bethel, Vt.
Smith, Meidy.....	90	Smith, William.....	North Carolina troops.....	Newnan, Ga.
Snead, Mary.....	75	Snead, Bowdoin.....	Virginia troops.....	Parkley, Va.
Turner, Asenath.....	86	Durham, Samuel.....	Connecticut troops.....	Manchester, N. Y.
Weatherman, Nancy.....	81	Gascock, Robert.....	Virginia troops.....	Lhebach, Tenn.
Young, Ann Maria.....	99	Young, Jacob.....	Pennsylvania troops.....	Easton, Pa.

It will be seen that it is possible that the widow of a Revolutionary soldier may be drawing a pension in the year 1915. For a similar reason the widow of a veteran of the late Civil War may be living in 2002.

PENSIONS TO WIDOWS OF PRESIDENTS AND FEDERAL OFFICERS.

The widows of Presidents Grant and Garfield receive annual pensions of \$5,000 each. The following is a list of widows of prominent officers of the army and navy receiving pensions:

NAME.	Rank, Husband.	Am't.	NAME.	Rank, Husband.	Am't.
Mrs. George H. Thomas.....	Major-General.....	\$2,000	Mrs. E. O. C. Ord.....	Major-General.....	\$1,200
Mrs. W. S. Hancock.....	Major-General.....	2,000	Mrs. Robert Anderson.....	Brigadier-General.....	1,200
Mrs. John A. Logan.....	Major-General.....	2,000	Mrs. George I. Stannard.....	Major-General.....	1,200
Mrs. Francis P. Blair.....	Major-General.....	2,000	Mrs. Gabriel R. Paul.....	Brigadier-General.....	1,200
Mrs. P. H. Sheridan.....	General.....	2,000	Mrs. James B. Ricketts.....	Brigadier-General.....	1,200
Mrs. John C. Fremont.....	Major-General.....	2,000	Mrs. J. W. A. Nicholson.....	Rear-Admiral.....	1,200
Mrs. Geo. B. McClellan.....	Major-General.....	2,000	Mrs. L. H. Rousseau.....	Brigadier-General.....	1,200
Mrs. George Crook.....	Major-General.....	2,000	Mrs. John F. Hartnaff.....	Brigadier-General.....	1,200
Mrs. James Shields.....	Brigadier-General.....	1,200	Mrs. Roger Jones.....	Colonel.....	1,200
Mrs. S. Heintzelman.....	Major-General.....	1,200	Mrs. G. K. Warren.....	Major-General.....	1,200
Mrs. David McDougal.....	Rear-Admiral.....	1,200	Mrs. David D. Porter.....	Admiral.....	2,500

MEMORIAM.

Geo. H. Thomas, Major-General U. S. A., Army of the Cumberland, died March 28, 1870.

D. G. Farragut, Admiral U. S. N., died August 14, 1870.

Geo. G. Meade, Major-General U. S. A., Army of the Potomac, died November 6, 1872.

Geo. A. Custer, Major-General U. S. A., died June 9, 1876.

Joseph Hooker, Major-General U. S. A., Army of the Potomac, died October 31, 1879.

S. P. Heintzelman, Major-General U. S. A., Army of the Potomac, died May 1, 1880.

James A. Garfield, Major-General U. S. V., Army of the Cumberland, died September 19, 1881.

Ulysses S. Grant, General U. S. Army, died July 23, 1885.

George B. McClellan, Major-General U. S. V., Army of the Potomac, died October 29, 1885.

Winfield S. Hancock, Major-General U. S. Army, died February 9, 1886.

John A. Logan, Major-General U. S. V., Army of the Cumberland, died December 26, 1886.

General Quincy A. Gilmore, died April 7, 1888.

General Philip H. Sheridan, died August 5, 1888.

Major-General Chas. K. Graham, died April 15, 1889.

Major-General John F. Hartranft, died October 17, 1889.

Major-General Henry J. Hunt, died February 11, 1889.

Major-General George Crook, died March 21, 1890.

Major-General Robert C. Schenck, died March 23, 1890.

Major-General John A. Dix, died 1890.

Major-General John C. Fremont, died July 13, 1890.

Admiral David D. Porter, died February 13, 1891.

General William T. Sherman, died February 14, 1891.

Brigadier-General Henry A. Barnum, died 1891.

DIED ON THE FIELD OF HONOR.

Philip Kearney, Major-General U. S. V., September 1, 1862, Chantilly, Va.

J. L. Reno, Major-General U. S. V., 3d Army Corps, September 14, 1862, South Mountain, Md.

John F. Reynolds, Major-General U. S. V., 1st Corps, Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 1863.

John Sedgwick, Major-General U. S. V., 6th Corps, Spottsylvania, Va., May 8, 1864.

J. B. McPherson, Major-General U. S. V., Army of the Tennessee, Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864.

MORNING GUNS.

DEPARTURE OF TROOPS IN 1861.

In 1861 the departure of our troops, the display of the flag, the wild frenzy that shook the nation, were the chief topics of thought and conversation, the chief hint toward action. It is not too much to say that blood was at fever heat; it fairly boiled and seethed in everybody's veins. The papers were filled with stories, reports, rumors, guesses, forebodings, and predictions.

To-day the veterans look back with pride and pleasure to those dark days of '61, and recall the memories of their soldier life.

Is it any wonder that the Grand Army are bound together by such strong ties when you take into consideration that

"We have shared our blankets and tents together,
And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we have been;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But the memory I cling to and love the best,
We have drunk from the same canteen."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VETERAN.

Uprising at the North, Call to Arms, Soldier's Farewell, March to the Front, Tenting on the Old Camp Ground, School of the Soldier, Drummer's Call, Morning Gun, Reveille, Roll Call, The Mess, Falling in for Rations, the Camp-fire, Drill, Battalion Review, Bugle Call, Dress Parade, Guard Mount, The Counter-sign, Grand Rounds, Arrival of the Mail, Do They Miss Me at Home, Marching through Georgia, The Assembly, Skirmish Line, Just Before the Battle, Commence Firing, Rifle Shots, The Battle, Cease Firing, Victory, After the Battle, The Flag of Columbia, Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, Battle Cry of Freedom, Glory Hallelujah, Kingdom Coming, Return of the Veterans, When Johnny Comes Marching Home, Grand Review, The Return Home, The Vacant Chair, The Grand Army of the Republic, Tattoo, Taps, Lights Out.

RECORD OF THE UNION ARMY AND SOME OF ITS CRACK REGIMENTS.

A RECENT LOOK OVER THE SECTIONS MADE FAMOUS BY GREAT
FIGHTING.

Recently, on looking over the maps showing the scenes of the war in the East and in the West, I was surprised at the narrow-

ness of the area in each section where the heaviest fighting and the most engagements took place. In the East the bloody ground was between Gettysburg, Pa., on the north and Suffolk, Va., on the south, the western limit on a line drawn through Lynchburg, and the eastern through Norfolk. In this district, about 150 miles broad and 200 miles long, occurred thirteen bat-



THE BATTLE-FIELDS IN THE EAST.

tles, where the Union loss in killed outright numbered over 50,000, and the aggregate of Union killed and wounded was over 120,000. In the lesser engagements and in siege operations probably 50,000 more were numbered with the casualties.

Here were fought the desperate struggles of Gettysburg, Antietam, Malvern Hill, and Winchester, fields of glorious memory to the veterans who conquered there. Here the Monitor bore down the Merrimac, and led off in a new era of naval warfare. Here, too, was Appomattox. Back and forth over this blood-stained arena the armies contended in the campaigns of the Rappahannock, the Peninsula, the invasions of Maryland and Pennsylvania, the Shenandoah, and the Wilderness.

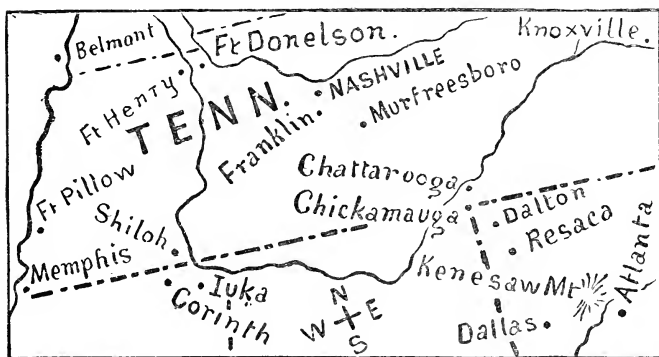
Here fell young Ellsworth, brave Phil Kearney, gray-haired Mansfield, grand old "Uncle John" Sedgwick, gallant Reynolds, and the venerable and revered Wadsworth. Here the thunder tones of Hancock led the charge at Marye's Heights, the "Bloody Angle," and Cold Harbor, and rallied the defenders of Cemetery Ridge. Here "Little Mac" rode along the serried line with animating gesture by Antietam's reddened flood. Here Phil Sheridan dashed down from Winchester to save the day at Cedar Creek. Here the heroic sailor, Morris, went down with the ill-starred Cumberland, shouting, when summoned to surrender to the Merrimac, "Never! I'll sink alongside!" Here rose and fell the battle shouts of Hooker and Burnside. Here Meade, with calm equipoise, guided the hosts that flung back rebellion's foaming tide. Here Grant baffled the exultant hosts of Lee and Longstreet by his ever memorable battle orders, "Forward by the left flank!"

The graves of the Union dead in this consecrated arena number over ninety thousand, and tens of thousands more who there received their death stroke were borne North to their last resting-place. The plains of Manassas, the vales through which the Shenandoah rolls its placid streams, the banks of the Potomac and the James, were altars whereon the rich blood of patriots was shed as libations to the god of nationality. The men at Washington will shake hands heartily in memory of old times, but not as Idaho and Oregon to New York and Maine: rather because they were together at Antietam or Gettysburg or Appomattox.

The bloody ground in the West is almost identical with the State of Tennessee. From Atlanta on the southern limit to Knoxville on the northern is about 140 miles, and from Atlanta to Memphis, on the west, about 300 miles. Within the limits come Chickamauga, Stone River, and Shiloh, three of the desperate battles of the age. For three years the war raged back and forth across the State of Tennessee. Fort Donelson, Nashville, Murfreesboro, Knoxville, Chattanooga, and Corinth were scenes of repeated struggles, sometimes the Union boys giving

the blow and sometimes gallantly warding it off. Over seventy thousand Union dead lie in the cemeteries of that district, and tens of thousands were taken North from there for burial. The great movements of Confederate invasion of the North under Bragg and Hood were met and checked in that section.

Thomas was the "Rock of Chickamauga," and the bulwark of Nashville, within that region, and Hooker fought above the clouds at Lookout Mountain there. Brave Wallace fell there fighting for the rescue of Prentiss at Shiloh. There Lytle went down with the battle cry warm on his lips, "We can die but once. Let us charge." There Corse held the fort at Allatoona Pass, and noble McPherson, the richest sacrifice west of the



THE BATTLE-FIELDS IN THE WEST.

Alleghany range, died braving the storm of Hood's onslaught at Bald Hill. On the south-west border Grant wrested victory from disaster at Shiloh, and on the north-east Burnside hurled Longstreet back from the gates of Knoxville. In the interior Rosecrans spurned danger amid the battle hail at Murfreesboro, and on the south Sherman stormed Tunnel Hill and Mission Ridge, not halting until his banners floated above the last stronghold of the west, Atlanta; while on the waters that lave the western border Foote's fleet of gunboats swept the channel of enemies afloat and on shore.

Were the veterans who cherish the memories of this hallowed ground called upon to rise in their bivouac quarters at the Washington encampment and salute old comrades in arms, State lines would be seen to melt away in the rush. The battle-fields of the Union were the nurseries of their fraternal ties.

THE BLOODY BATTLES OF THE WAR.

THE MEN WHO DEALT THE BLOWS AND WORE AWAY THE RANKS
OF THE ENEMY.

Naturally a picturesque battle like Gettysburg, or a scene of wholesale slaughter like Chickamauga or the Wilderness, becomes an example for orators and expounders of history to ring the changes upon, never rearranging or taking into account newly developed facts. The following exhibit shows that it makes but little difference where the fancy strikes, whether east or west, in 1862 or 1864, the same men were at it dealing the blows that wore away the ranks of the enemy and drained his life blood.

The battles take rank in this list in the order of highest numerical loss, and to get the full significance the showing of percentages given in the preceding tables should be examined in connection with these figures.

List of battles in the order of the highest aggregate loss where the number killed outright reached 1,000 on each side:

1. Gettysburg, 1863. Ninety-three thousand Union and 75,000 Confederates opposed. Union loss, 17,569 killed and wounded; Confederate, 15,301; total, 32,870.

2. Spottsylvania, 1864. Had the Confederate loss in killed and wounded equaled the Union at Spottsylvania this battle would properly appear as No. 2. But such was not the case. The Confederate records, so far as completed, relate to those individual commands that suffered most, and estimating from the figures given for those it is evident that the Confederate loss bore no comparison to the Union. The Union loss in killed and wounded was 16,141. The forces opposed were approximately 118,000 Union and 64,000 Confederate. These figures represent the numbers before the Wilderness was fought, but reinforcements were constantly added to both armies, and the available force of each did not vary much during the campaign.

3. Wilderness, 1864. The remarks in the last paragraph apply equally well to the battle of the Wilderness. The armies fought their full strength, viz. 118,000 Union and 64,000 Confederate. Union loss, killed and wounded, 14,283; Confederate records incomplete.

4. Chickamauga, 1863. 57,000 Union and 71,500 Confederates opposed. Union loss in killed and wounded, 11,405; Confederate, 15,801. Total, 27,206.

5. Chancellorsville, 1863. 130,000 Union and 60,000 Confederates opposed. Union loss, 11,368 killed and wounded; Confederate, 10,755. Total, 22,123. These figures cover the losses in the whole Chancellorsville campaign.

6. Antietam, 1862. 60,000 Union and 40,000 Confederates

engaged. Union loss, 11,657 killed and wounded; Confederate, 9,328. Total, 20,985.

7. Shiloh, 1862. 58,000 Union and 40,000 Confederates engaged. Union loss, 10,162 killed and wounded; Confederate, 9,740. Total, 19,902.

8. Cold Harbor, 1864. The remarks under the heading Spottsylvania apply to Cold Harbor also. 118,000 Union and 64,000 Confederates opposed. Union loss, 10,921 killed and wounded; Confederate, comparatively slight.

9. Second Bull Run, or Manassas, 1862. 63,000 Union and 54,000 Confederates engaged. Union loss, 10,199 killed and wounded; Confederates, 9,365. Total, 19,564.

10. Stone's River, 1862. 43,000 Union and 37,000 Confederates engaged. Union loss, 9,532 killed and wounded; Confederate, 9,239. Total, 18,771.

11. Fredericksburg, 1862. 113,000 Union and 60,000 Confederates opposed. Union loss, 10,884 killed and wounded; Confederate, 4,724. Total, 15,608.

List of battles where the number of killed outright reached at least five hundred on each side:

1. Gaines' Mill, 1862. 30,000 Union and 65,000 Confederates engaged. Union loss, 4,000 killed and wounded; Confederate loss only partially reported. Best estimates place it double the Union loss, making a total of about twelve thousand.

2. Seven Pines or Fair Oaks, 1862. 51,000 Union and 35,000 Confederates opposed, but not all engaged. Union loss, 4,384 killed and wounded; Confederate, 5,729. Total, 10,113.

3. Malvern Hill, 1862. Losses not recorded separately. Confederates admit over five thousand killed and wounded out of 30,000 closely engaged. The Union loss was probably less than half that number, and the total between seven and eight thousand men.

4. Winchester, or Opequon, 1864. 43,000 Union and 16,000 Confederates engaged. Union loss, 4,680 killed and wounded; Confederate, 4,000 (estimated). Total, 8,680.

5. Cedar Creek, 1864. 38,000 Union and 16,000 Confederates engaged. Union loss, 4,074 killed and wounded; Confederate, 3,000 (estimated). Total, 7,074.

6. Perryville, 1862. 36,000 Union and 15,000 Confederates closely engaged. Union loss, 3,696 killed and wounded; Confederate, 3,145. Total, 6,841.

To this list might be added the following, if the losses on both sides had been recorded separately: Franklin and Nashville, 1864, where the Confederate loss in killed reached 500. The Union loss on both occasions was less. Fort Donelson, 1862,

[NOTE.—About one-sixth of the number killed and wounded represents on the average, the killed outright, and two-sevenths of the number killed and wounded, represents very nearly the killed and mortally wounded.]

where the Union loss was 510 killed, the Confederate probably less. Lookout Mountain, 1863, where the Union loss was 500 killed and the Confederate less, and Resaca, 1864, where the Union loss was over 500 killed, but the Confederate is not recorded. Where the figures for certain great battles are not obtainable a computation of losses for the whole campaign will serve to show to what extent the Union troops suffered.

In the "Seven Days' Battles," 1862, there were 105,000 Union against 90,000 Confederate at the outset. The Union loss in killed and wounded was 9,796; the Confederate, 19,195. In the Maryland or Antietam campaign, 1862, the Union loss was 11,660 killed and wounded; the Confederate, 14,212.

In the Vicksburg campaign, 1863, there were 43,000 (increased to 75,000) Union and 40,000 (reduced to 28,000) Confederates engaged. Union loss, 8,909 killed and wounded; Confederate, 4,832. In the siege of Port Hudson, 1863, 4,044 Union soldiers were killed and wounded. In the Chattanooga campaign, 1863, including Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain, the Union loss was 5,465 killed and wounded, against a Confederate loss of 2,541.

In the Atlanta campaign, 1864, the Union force ranged from 75,000 to 94,000, and the Confederate from 65,000 to 84,000. The Union loss was 27,245 killed and wounded; the Confederate, 21,996.

In the Wilderness campaign, 1864, from the Rapidan to the James, the Union loss was 50,499 killed and wounded.

In Sheridan's Shenandoah campaign, 1864, the Union loss was 13,831 killed and wounded. In the siege of Petersburg, 1864, the Union loss was 29,978 killed and wounded, and in the Appomattox campaign, which included the final assaults on the Petersburg trenches, the Union loss was 8,687 killed and wounded.

These details need no embellishment of words to strengthen the picture of what the veterans endured in order to win the honors a grateful people now accords them. And it is not only what was suffered after the harness was put on, but what was dared before the issue had gone so far. After Shiloh and the "Seven Days" in 1862 the government asked for 300,000 men, and 400,000 rushed to arms. After Murfreesboro, Gettysburg, and Chickamauga at least a million men volunteered to keep the depleted ranks up to fighting strength.

THE GRAND REVIEW.

The Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, suggested that the armies of Meade and Sherman should be formally reviewed in the City of Washington before their final discharge from the service of the United States,

The Army of the Potomac, the Army of the Tennessee, and the Army of Georgia therefore marched to the vicinity of Washington to be reviewed on May 23 and 24, 1865, for which the necessary orders were issued by Lieutenant-General Grant. The Army of the Ohio remained in North Carolina under the command of Major General John M. Schofield.

The public and private buildings of the National Capital were profusely decorated; triumphal arches and reviewing stands were erected at different points, and vast crowds of people gathered from all sections to honor the returning veterans.

The teachers and pupils of the public schools of Washington were assembled on the terraces and balconies of the Capitol, and waved banners and sang patriotic songs as the soldiers passed.

Upon a strip of canvas along the front of the Capitol was inscribed the legend, "The Only National Debt We Can Never Pay Is the Debt We Owe the Victorious Union Soldier."

Representatives of various States had erected stands, which were filled by their sons and daughters, who while heartily joining in the honors accorded to all the troops enthusiastically applauded those who more directly represented their own particular States.

The principal reviewing stand was erected near the Executive Mansion, and was occupied by President Johnson and his Cabinet, by diplomats and envoys of foreign nations, and by governors of States. Among the latter were some especially beloved by the soldiers and honored by the nation for their invaluable and patriotic services as war governors, notably John A. Andrews, of Massachusetts, and Andrew G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania.

On the first day Lieutenant-General Grant occupied a position near the President, with distinguished naval officers and Generals Sherman, Howard, Logan, and others, whose troops were to parade on the next day. It was while on this stand that General Logan was informed that he had been assigned to the command of the Army of the Tennessee, General Howard having been appointed Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau.

Many of the officers and large numbers of the soldiers were garlanded with flowers as they passed along the line of march.

"Sherman's Bummers" helped to relieve whatever of monotony there was in the continual tramp, tramp, tramp of the armies. A number were mounted on mules or on sorry-looking horses borrowed from some quartermaster's camp of condemned animals, and carried chickens, pigs, and vegetables; others on foot swung along in the free-and-easy gait learned on their long march to the sea.

It was estimated that nearly 150,000 men participated in these ceremonies—the Army of the Potomac, 80,000; the Army of the Tennessee, 36,000; and the Army of Georgia, 33,000.

Never before has such a pageant been witnessed at the capital of any nation, the passage of an army of citizen soldiers who having by their valor saved the nation were now present only that those necessary details might be completed which would enable them to take their places in the ranks of peaceful citizens.

With worn uniforms and tattered ensigns, telling eloquently of service in the field, those men were now only anxious to return to their homes and loved ones. Though joyfully returning, and as representatives of all who had honorably served in the armies and navies of the Union, thus receiving the plaudits of the people whom they had so ably served, there were sad thoughts not inharmonious with the occasion.

As they passed the reviewing stand where representative men were assembled in their honor the marching soldiers missed above all others that rugged, homely face which now would have been lit with a halo of glory. The great patient heart, that for four years had borne such a fearful strain, was now stilled. In all the land no one was nearer the soldier's heart than Abraham Lincoln.

Other forms were missing from the group—leaders of corps and of armies, of whom John F. Reynolds, McPherson, and Sedgwick, Kearney, and many others who had fallen in defense of the Union.

But the thoughts of the soldiers were not then so much with the absent leaders as with the more familiar forms of comrades dear to their hearts but now numbered with the dead. Perchance they had been playmates in schoolboy days and bosom friends in maturer years. Together they had responded to the call of an imperiled country, together had faced the dangers of the service. In camp and bivouac they had slept under the same blankets and shared the contents of their haversacks and canteens.

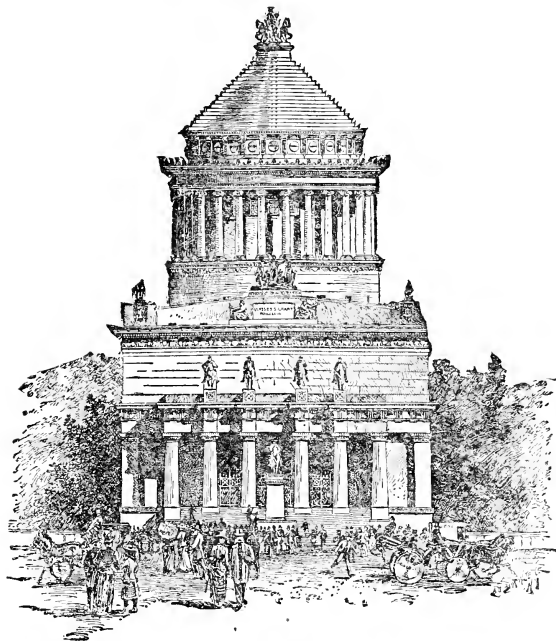
These, their comrades, had not lived to hear the joyful shouts of victory, and were not to receive the embraces of their loved ones. They had died that the nation might live.

The fond affection cherished for the honored dead but stimulated the ties of sympathy and love for comrades living and shattered the thrilling memories of the years of national strife and warfare now happily over.

They were soon to part, each in his own way to fight the battle of life, to form new ties, new friendships, but never could they forget the sacred bond of comradeship welded in the fire of battle that in after years should be their stimulus to take upon themselves the work confided to the people by President Lincoln. "To bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans."

"When we who have gathered here to-day to honor thy memory have lain down to rest beside thee, and our children's children look upon the monument that is to be erected here, may they say, with reverence, 'Here lies the man whose fame was as wide as the world, whose military skill and undaunted cour-

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THE ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR

THE TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT.

Built of light granite. Height, 160 feet.

Base, 100 feet square. Cost, \$500,000.

age saved from dissolution the grandest nation under heaven, and whose memory will be cherished when the marble and granite shall have crumbled into dust.'

"Here lies Grant, the only conqueror of Lee, and the greatest of all the Federal commanders.

"His monument is the sublimest structure on the globe. It arches the continent, and on its dome rests the clouds. In it is the light and warmth of human liberty. A hero in war and in peace, 'Grant,' who never ceased to fight or spoke of peace on any terms save unconditional surrender. He had all the qualities of a great soldier, he was loyal to his friends, loyal to his family, loyal to his country, and loyal to his God.

"No effort of human hands can add a single laurel to his brow, all the honors earth can give have been bestowed upon him, but the people whom he served have resolved to fashion a tomb worthy of his ashes, and rear in monumental rock a fitting tribute to his fame, of the love of this nation for its great chief-tain, and shall tell to all the world that the United States of America does not forget her heroic dead."—Ex. from Gen. Horace Porter's Speech.

GENERAL GRANT'S MONUMENT AT RIVERSIDE PARK.

The sum of three millions of dollars has been spent by the city in the work of decorating this pleasure ground, Riverside Park.

General Grant's monument in Riverside Park, or more properly Riverside Drive, is an attraction such as no other city in the world possesses.

It stands on the banks of the most beautiful river in the world, a lofty eminence named Claremount, over three hundred feet above the water's edge. On the opposite side of the river you observe the high Palisades, Fort Lee, Shadyside, Pleasant Valley, Edgewater, and the El Dorado. Thence extends a wonderful view of the broad and busy river. Stretching to the north you see Fort Washington, High Bridge, Washington Bridge; the Cable, Northern and Hudson River Railroads; the Harlem River, and up into Westchester County; the Hudson River, with its winding stream shaded on both sides by its high bluffs, extending up to the Military Academy at West Point, where Grant graduated as a soldier, and to the State Capitol at Albany.

From this bluff looking to the south as far as the eye can reach over the Empire City of the United States, the City by the Sea, sealed between two majestic rivers, you behold the greatest harbor in the world with its entrance from the Atlantic Ocean: its narrows protected by Forts Columbus, Schuyler, Wadsworth, Lafayette, Hamilton and Wood; Sandy Hook; Governor's Island, the headquarters of the military division of the Atlantic; the magnificent Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World; the East River, with the largest bridge in existence, the main span of which is over 1,595 feet, and the entire length 5,980 feet, joining the two great cities, New York and Brooklyn.

On the east is Hell Gate, Hunter's Point, Astoria, Blackwell's, Ward's, and Randall's Islands, with all the different institutions and asylums, and Long Island Sound.

Looking around from this, one of the most beautiful spots nature has ever made you are surrounded by one magnificent panorama of splendor.

THE GRANT MONUMENT.

Build it of granite strong and high
 On a rock-ribbed resting-place,
 And sheathe its point in the morning sky
 And its feet in the earth's embrace.

And encave it over and over again
 With the symbols of valiant deeds,
 For it tells of the nation's mightiest man
 And the nation's mourning weeds.

And the sleeping dust in the sacred shrine
 Shall be guarded with loving care
 By brothers who stood in his battle line
 When his thunders rent the air.

And his strokes for the flag of the brave and free
 On the ranks of the rallying host
 Were like the beat of the ceaseless sea
 On the rim of a rock-bound coast.

O build it as strong as his mighty mind,
 And spare neither toil nor cost,
 And let it proclaim to all mankind
 That he saved us when all was lost.

And the years shall roll o'er the place of his rest,
 And the ages shall run to tell
 Where the green sod covers his hero breast,
 That he conquered himself as well.

J. S. WILLIS.

WHEN THE LAST MAN DIES.

Out of a dozen well-informed people who might nowadays be asked how many Union soldiers and sailors saw service in the War of the Rebellion it is probable that not more than two or three would say they believed the number was anywhere near two millions. Yet several hundred thousand more Northern warriors than that took part in that great struggle.

The actual number of persons who saw service has never been officially determined, and for that reason it is impossible to make more than an approximate estimate of the number and ages of the surviving veterans.

The nearest approach to accuracy in putting together the particulars on this subject has been the effort of Dr. F. C. Ainsworth, major and surgeon of the United States Army, who has gathered together such data for the use of the Record and Pension Division of the War Department.

Even if the exact number and ages of the survivors at the close of the war were known the problem of determining the number now living and the probable duration of life for each group of ages would still be involved in difficulty, for no life table has ever been constructed which is applicable to such a class of lives as that furnished by the veterans of the late war.

As shown by the latest official statement, there were furnished by the different States and Territories during the war under calls from the President 2,778,304 men. Of these 105,963 are to be credited to the navy.

Allowing for re-enlistments, which are included in these figures, it appears that the total number of persons in both military and naval service during that period was 2,213,365, and of these 1,727,353 were alive at its termination, excluding deserters.

In estimating from these facts the probable number of survivors at the present day two opinions of the expectation of life of men of this class must be considered, for figuring of this kind is based upon the mortuary and other tables used by life insurance companies in finding out just how long a man of a certain age should live. While it is the generally accepted belief that the expectation of old soldiers is less than that of men of the same ages who have never been exposed to the shock of battle and the hardships and privations of camp, field, and prison, yet Major Ainsworth declares it has been ingeniously urged that on the other hand, by the operation of the law of the survival of the fittest, the reverse is actually the case, for the reason that the individuals of little endurance and tenacity of life, whose early death shortens the average of life among civilians, have long since been eliminated from the class to which the veterans belong, have succumbed either to the hardships and dangers of war or their subsequent results. So runs the argument for the second proposition, the average duration of life for an equal number of men who did not serve in the war and were not weeded out in its course is apt to be less than that of the survivors.

Incorrect estimates and guesses after slight investigation have been numerous, and the information which the ordinary citizen, who was not old enough in the '60s to be one, or for any reason may not have been a soldier or a sailor, possesses of the army and navy as they were then, or of the number of veterans now living, is meager.

In making the calculations which are appended Major Ainsworth has kept these considerations in view, and also the two

beliefs of the greater or less expectation of life for veterans of the war as compared with that of non-veterans of the same ages.

According to these estimates, the probable number of survivors two years ago was 1,285,471, and of these 149,531 would be 62 years of age or over. This year there would be 1,236,076 for a total of survivors, of whom 22,692 have lived to be 62 years old or older.

Following this method of calculation there would still be living in the year 1940, veterans of the civil war, and not until 1945 would the survivors of the Rebellion be extinct. The same life table (American male) which gives this result makes it probable that more than a million will be living up to 1900 A. D., and if these figures are correct there should be 820 veterans who will not reach their sixty-second year till nine years after that, when those youngsters will form a very small proportion of the 665,832 veterans which the table says should be still on earth in 1909.

The number of the veterans who have become members of the G. A. R. is somewhat less than half the entire total of survivors to-day. New additions to the ranks of that organization are daily made, so that the present figures are larger than those given in the reports at last year's encampment in Detroit.

The roster then contained nearly 445,000 names, but there had been more than this if the deceased former members should be counted in. Added is a short list of figures which are not only of much interest but also of possible value.

Estimated total number of survivors (deserters excluded). 1889	1,236,076
Total number of men furnished during the war (credits).	2,778,304
To Army	2,672,341
To Navy	105,963
Estimated total number of re-enlistments	564,939
In Army	543,393
In Navy	21,546
Estimated total number of desertions	121,896
From Army	117,247
From Navy	4,649
Total number of deaths	364,116
In Army	359,528
In Navy	4,588
Estimated total number of individuals in service	2,213,365
In Army	2,128,948
In Navy	84,417
Estimated total number of survivors at termination of service (deserters excluded)	1,727,353
In Army	1,652,173
In Navy	75,180

STRENGTH OF REBEL ARMY.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE:—In your issue of March 10, in the article on the strength of the rebel army during the War of the Rebellion, the writer states that there were about 1,700,000 men in the rebel army during the war. He is about right, for Major Moore's roster of North Carolina troops gives 145,000 men furnished the Confederate Army. Some three years ago General D. H. Hill, C. S. A., at a reunion in Baltimore, Md., said that the Confederate army numbered 600,000 men, all told. Then how does it come that in nearly all the general engagements during the war the forces engaged were about equal? Why, it is absurd for any man to say that the rebels had to fight great odds. If the truth ever is written from a Southern standpoint we will find out that the rebels had 1,800,000 enlisted men on their rolls. I have in my possession Clarke's Vicksburg (Miss.) Almanac of 1866. Governor Parsons, in his proclamation to the people of the State of Alabama, preliminary to the reorganization in the State, says that fully 120,000 men of that State went upon the battle-field, of whom 70,000 are dead or disabled. The following is a list of men furnished by States, and their loss during the four years of the war, 1861 to 1865:

<i>States.</i>	<i>Enlistments.</i>	<i>Dead and Disabled.</i>
Alabama	120,000	70,000
Arkansas	50,000	30,000
Florida	17,000	10,000
Georgia	131,000	76,000
Kentucky	50,000	30,000
Louisiana	60,000	34,000
Mississippi	78,000	45,000
Missouri	40,000	24,000
Maryland	40,000	24,000
North Carolina	140,000	65,000
South Carolina	65,000	40,000
Tennessee	60,000	34,000
Texas	93,000	53,000
Virginia	180,000	105,000
Total	1,124,000	640,000

If all the men who once got into the rebel army were retained during the war, or during their ability to serve, there were, according to this calculation, 484,000 men in the rebel service at the close of the war. But if allowances be made for desertions, etc., and for the sick in the hospitals who had recovered and who are not counted by Governor Parsons among the disabled, we shall find this number of 484,000 diminished to something like the actual number that surrendered to our forces or scattered to their homes immediately after the fall of Richmond.

So you see, comrades, that the rebels as early as 1866 admitted to having 1,124,000 men in the field, and you can also see that the rebels did not lick five Yankees to their one.

CHARLES F. KIMMEL,

Co. G, 66th Ill.,

72 High street, Dayton, O.

HISTORICAL EVENTS.

- 1859. John Brown's raid into Virginia, October 16.
- 1859. John Brown hung, December 1.
- 1861. Confederates attacked Fort Sumter, April 12 and 13.
- 1861. Fort Sumter surrendered, April 14.
- 1861. Union Army routed at Bull Run, July 21.
- 1861. Mass meeting, Union Square, New York, April 20.
- 1862. Engagement between Monitor and Merrimac, March 9.
- 1862. Seven days contest before Richmond began June 25.
- 1863. Great riot in New York, July 13 to 16.
- 1863. Stonewall Jackson died, May 9.
- 1863. Fort Sumter bombarded, December 9.
- 1864. General Sherman started on his march to the sea, November 16.
- 1865. General Lee surrendered to General Grant, April 9.
- 1865. Jefferson Davis captured, May 10.
- 1865. Abraham Lincoln assassinated by J. Wilkes Booth, April 14.
- 1620. Negro slavery introduced into the United States by the Dutch.
- 1863. Negro slavery abolished in the United States by Abraham Lincoln, January 1.
- 1793. Corner stone of Capitol at Washington laid, September 18.
- 1851. Corner stone of the extension of the Capitol was laid.
- 1860. Major Anderson transferred his entire command to Fort Sumter.
- 1861. Fort Sumter surrendered, April 14.
- 1814. Star Spangled Banner composed by Francis Scott Key.
- 1881. General Garfield shot.
- During the Rebellion 12,926 Union prisoners died in Andersonville prison.
- 1862. Battle of Shiloh, April 6.

GENERAL GRANT'S OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

"It becomes my duty again to report another battle fought between two great armies, one contending for the maintenance of the best government ever devised, and the other for its destruction. It is pleasant to record the success of the army contending for the former principle.

"The Union loss in the two days' fighting was 1,764 killed, 8,408 wounded, and 2,885 captured or missing; total, 13,047. Of these Buell's Army of the Ohio lost 241 killed, 1,807 wounded, and 55 captured or missing; total, 2,103.

"The official report of Rebel losses was 1,728 killed, 8,012 wounded, and 959 missing; total, 10,699. This cannot be correct, for the Union troops after the battle buried, by actual count, more rebel dead than thus reported in front of Sherman's and McClelland's divisions alone. The estimate of the Union burial parties was that fully 4,000 rebel dead lay on the whole field.

"U. S. GRANT."

The First Grand Army Post was organized at Decatur, Ill., on the 6th day of April, 1866, by

B. F. STEVENSON, Commander of Department.

R. M. WOODS, Adjutant-General.

Twenty-six years ago the Grand Army of the Republic was organized by about a dozen men; to-day it numbers about five hundred thousand.

Twenty-seven years ago at Washington 150,000 men passed in review to be mustered out of service.

Since that time many an old comrade or companion in arms, patriot, brave warrior, and hero, has been mustered out of the living army to join the ranks of the invisible hosts above.

September 20th, 1892.

The 26th National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Washington D. C., will be one of the largest in the history of the organization.

Once more the living heroes will pass in review, and meet comrades they have not seen since the war.

Every battle will be fought over again from Belmont to the Wilderness.

The Grand Army is to-day the representative organization of the soldiers and sailors of America; the one great association which includes the veterans of every army and all ranks; the men who followed the flag upon land, and who fought beneath its folds upon the sea; men of every nationality, color, and creed; the officer who wore the well won stars of general, and the private whose only badge of distinction was in patriotic and faithful services in the ranks—all upon the common level of comrades of the flag.

25TH NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT OF THE G. A. R. AT DETROIT IN
1891. THE GREATEST OF ALL CONVENTIONS.

Rapping the assemblage to order, the Commander-in-Chief announced the formal opening of the twenty-fifth annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, and directed the adjutant-general to call the roll of departments.

Every State and Territory in the Union, not even excepting far-off Alaska, was represented, and the roll showed the fullest attendance of delegates in the history of the organization.

The opening address of the Commander-in-Chief was listened to attentively by the assembled veterans.

"Comrades," said Gen. Veazey, "this is the silver anniversary of a birth, not of a wedding. The wedding occurred when the bridegrooms, the youth of the land, enlisted in its defense. Abraham Lincoln celebrated the marriage nuptials. Columbia was the bride. Her vesture was the nation's flag. The pledge to re-establish that flag over the domain of Secessia was the price of her hand. When the pledge was grandly redeemed through bloody strife, through suffering and death, and after the victors had placed on the brow of the bride a new diadem, whose gems were honor, valor, fame, liberty, untainted with slavery; a country reunited and free, the fruit of that marriage was the Grand Army of the Republic, an offspring worthy of its royal parentage."

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

"The date of the birth was April 6, 1866. The observance of the silver anniversary began on the 6th day of April of this year."

The reports of the other officers of the staff were presented and spread before the encampment. The adjutant-general's report showed that on August 14, 1890, there were on the rolls of the order 44 departments, with 7,185 posts and 397,041 comrades in good standing.

The consolidated report of the adjutant-general for the period ending June 30, 1891, as far as the returns have been received, not all yet being in, shows in good standing forty-five departments, with 7,409 posts and 398,067 comrades in good standing. The sum expended in charity, as reported for the year ending June 30, 1890, was \$217,957.54, relieving 21,634 persons; for the year ending June 30, 1891, \$333,699.85.

The total number of deaths reported for the year ending June 30, 1890, was 5,479; for the year ending June 30, 1891, 5,530.

The quartermaster-general's report showed the assets of the organization to be as follows: Cash balances on hand \$1,804.18; due by departments, \$1,429.41; less due by departments, \$184.17; balance, \$1,243.24. United States bonds 1907, \$16,000 (market value, 117), \$18,720.00. Supplies, \$2,941.65. Total assets, \$24,111.07.

G. A. R. STATE LEGISLATION IN NEW YORK.

Within the past few years the Legislature has enacted a number of laws affecting the interest of veterans.

While the members of the Grand Army have felt and taken a deep interest in such matters, a special and effective interest has been shown by committees on legislation of the executive committees.

MAY 30 A LEGAL HOLIDAY.

May 30th was made a legal holiday by act of the legislature, passed May 22, 1873.

BURIAL OF VETERANS.

By an act passed May 21st, 1884, provisions is made for the burial of any honorably discharged soldier or marine who may die without leaving means for funeral expenses. Such interment is not to be made in any cemetery or plot used exclusively for the interment of the pauper dead.

The cost for interment is not to exceed \$35, and an additional sum of \$15 is allowed for a headstone.

VETERANS NOT TO BE REMOVED.

By an act approved April 10, 1888, no person holding a position by appointment, in any city or county of the State, who is an honorably discharged soldier, sailor, or marine, shall be removed from such position except for cause shown after a hearing.

GRAND ARMY BADGE.

By an act passed February 4, 1885, persons not duly entitled to them are prohibited from wearing the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic, under penalty of imprisonment not exceeding thirty days, or a fine not exceeding twenty dollars, or by both such fine and imprisonment. A similar law was passed January 30, 1888, relative to the insignia or rosette of the Loyal Legion.

PREFERENCE IN EMPLOYMENT.

By an act passed March 1st, 1886, amending an act passed May 25, 1885, it is provided:

In grateful recognition of the services, sacrifices, and sufferings of persons who served in the army or navy of the United

States in the late war, and have been honorably discharged therefrom, they shall be preferred for appointment to positions in the Civil Service of the State, and of the cities affected by this act over other persons of equal standing, as ascertained under this act and the act hereby amended, and the person thus preferred shall not be disqualified from holding any position in said Civil Service on account of his age nor by reason of any physical disability, provided such disability does not render him incompetent to perform the duties of the position applied for.

Orderlies, watchmen, and others designated, employed upon public buildings, must be persons honorably discharged from the Union Army or Navy during the Rebellion.

USE OF MEETING ROOMS.

Any county, city, town, or village is authorized to lease to any Post of the Grand Army of the Republic any public building or part thereof, at a nominal rent. Passed June 15, 1886, amended March 19, 1888.

By act passed June 9th, 1888, provision shall be made in any State armory for a proper and convenient meeting room for Posts, without expense.

By act passed May 1st, 1888, a suitably furnished room in the State Hall was set apart, under the direction of the department commander for the supplies and property of the Grand Army of the Republic, relics and mementoes of the war, and for arranging and preserving the history of individuals who served in the army, navy, or marine corps during the Rebellion.

ISSUE OF ARMS TO POSTS.

By an act passed June 25, 1886, the adjutant-general is authorized to issue twelve stands of arms, complete, for the firing squads of each post.

MONUMENTS.

By act passed May 26, 1886, \$5,000 were appropriated for expenses of commissioners to designate the positions and movements of the troops of New York at Gettysburg; and on March 27, 1888, \$74,500 were appropriated for monuments at Gettysburg, being \$1,500 for each regiment or battery engaged in that battle.

By act of the Legislature in 1887 the authorities of the city of Brooklyn are authorized to raise \$100,000 by taxation, for the erection of a soldier's and sailor's monument in that city.

And to-day the Empire City of the United States, that furnished the largest number of troops during the Rebellion, has failed as yet to raise a monument to its heroes, who fought, bled, and died to preserve the Union

PART TWO.

G. A. R. RECITATIONS.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS IN BLUE.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES E. NASH.

O comrades of the battle years,
 When fighting was our trade;
 O, you who charge with loyal cheers
 'Gainst many a gay brigade!
 'Tis joy to grasp again the hand
 O' rare and cherished few—
 Frail remnant of the mighty band
 Who once were Boys in Blue.

No deadly bullets hiss to-night;
 No showers of shot and shell;
 We storm no more the bastioned heights,
 "Mid wild Confederate yell;
 The long roll wakes the camp no more
 The conflict to renew—
 No crushing columns hither pour
 Against the Boys in Blue.

The fort and trench and grim redoubt,
 Deep-groving hill and dale,
 Send forth no more the victors' shout
 Nor falling foeman's wail;
 No stricken comrade in his pain
 Bequeaths the last adieu,
 No more the torn and ghastly pain,
 And dying Boys in Blue.

The peaceful years have lightly sped
 Since you came proudly home,
 And bore our flag with gallant tread
 To rest 'neath yonder dome;
 That faded banner victory crowned,
 All riddled through and through,
 The glorious flag we rallied round
 When we were Boys in Blue.

To-day you come from far and near,
 And form the line again;
 Your badge is now the battle scar,
 Your arms the crutch and cane;
 You grasp the hand with love and pride,
 And old campaigns review,
 And count the fields where side by side
 You fought when Boys in Blue.

The fife and drum no more arouse—
 Your martial work is done,
 And time above your laureled brows
 Its silver threads have spun;
 While one by one along life's route,
 Brave men who marched with you,
 All overborne have fallen out
 Since they were Boys in Blue.

And soon these glad reunions here
 Will be forever past—
 The broken ranks that close the rear
 Will cross the ford at last;
 But on the world's illustrious page
 Of heroes tried and true,
 Will live enshrined from age to age,
 The glorious Boys in Blue.

OUR HEROES SHALL LIVE.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes. They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak and in more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism? Ye that mourn let gladness mingle with your tears. He was your son, but now he is the nation's. He made your household bright; now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. Before he was yours; now he is ours. He has died from the family, that he might live to the nation. Not one man shall be forgotten or neglected, and it shall by and by be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

RELIC OF THE WAR.

On the wall above the mantel
 There's an ancient weapon hung,
 Tarnished, dusty, old, and rusty,
 Springfield pattern, sixty-one,
 And the spiders, all unconscious
 Of its power upon it crawl.
 And have webbed it, breech and muzzle,
 Where it hangs upon the wall.

Could it speak, 'twould tell a story
 That would startle young and old,
 Tales of long and weary marches
 Could that weapon true unfold.
 Tales of battle, tales of carnage
 That would blanch the bravest cheek,
 From Bull Run to Appomattox,
 Could that ancient weapon speak.

Dear, indeed, is that old musket,
 It had sure voice long ago,
 Not a friend so true and trusty
 On the field to meet the foe.
 Then it spoke and to a purpose,
 Fiery was the tale it told.
 Leaden was the fearful message,
 From that weapon grim and old.

And I love it—who can blame me?
 It and I were closest chums,
 Old and rusty, tried and trusty,
 Best of all your make of guns.
 Comrades dead and comrades living,
 It reminds me of you all,
 Elbows touch whenever I view it
 As it hangs upon the wall.

Brings again your kindly faces
 From that distant long ago,
 When we faced the storm of battle
 On the field to meet the foe.
 On the wall above the mantel
 There's an ancient weapon hung,
 Tarnished, dusty, worn, and rusty,
 Springfield pattern, sixty-one.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

A MEMORIAL DAY ALPHABET.

(Philadelphia Press.)

A veteran, sixty-two years old, sends the following Memorial Day alphabet:

A is for army in battle array;
 B for brave boys we remember to-day.
 C for their colors, the red, white, and blue;
 D for their duty done nobly and true.
 E for enlisted this Union to save;
 F for the flag and the flow'rs on their grave.
 G for the glory at Gettysburg won;
 H for our hopes, they're in heaven, at home.
 I independence, for which they did strive.
 J is for justice to those who survive.
 K is for knapsacks, all packed and in place.
 L is for liberty to the whole human race.
 M is for Meade, now, alas, mustered out.
 N for our navy, who helped knock them out.
 O is for onward, our old battle cry.
 P is for powder and power from on high.
 Q is for quickstep, double quick on the foe.
 R is for rally, rebellion o'erthrow.
 S is for Sherman, for shot and for shell;
 T for the traitors we treated too well.
 U for Union of States, hearts, and hands.
 V for the victory valor demands.
 W for war, which we deeply deplore.
 X is for Xerxes, who now is no more.
 Y for the years we campaigned it in youth,
 Z zealously fighting for freedom and truth.

THE OLD CANTEEN.

BY G. M. WHITE.

Send it up to the garret? Well, no; what's the harm
 If it hangs like a horse-shoe to serve as a charm?
 Had its day, to be sure; matches ill with things here;
 Shall I sack the old friend just because it is queer?
 Thing of beauty 'tis not, but a joy none the less,
 As my hot lips remember its old-time caress,
 And I think on the solace once gurgling between
 My lips from that old battered tin canteen.

It has hung by my side in the long, weary tramp,
 Been my friend in the bivouac, barrack, and camp,
 In the triumph, the capture, advance, and retreat,
 More than light to my path, more than guide to my feet,
 Sweeter nectar ne'er flowed, howe'er sparkling and cold,
 From out chalice of silver or goblet of gold,
 For a king or an emperor, princess or queen,
 Than to me from the mouth of that old canteen.

It has cheered the desponding on many a night,
 Till their laughing eyes gleamed in the camp-fire light,
 Whether guns stood in silence, or boomed at short range,
 It was always on duty; though 'twould not be strange
 If in somnolent periods just after "taps"
 Some colonel or captain, disturbed at his naps,
 May have felt a suspicion that "spirits" unseen
 Had somehow bedeviled that old canteen.

But I think on the time when in lulls of the strife
 It has called the far look in dim eyes back to life;
 Helped to stanch the quick blood just beginning to pour,
 Softened broad, gaping wounds that were stiffened and sore,
 Moistened thin, livid lips, so despairing of breath
 They could only speak thanks in the quiver of death;
 If an angel of mercy e'er hovered between
 This world and the next 'twas that old canteen.

Then banish it not as a profitless thing,
 Were it hung in a palace it well might swing
 To tell in its mute, allegorical way
 How the citizen volunteer won the day;
 How he bravely, unflinchingly, grandly won,
 And how, when the death-dealing work was done,
 'Twas as easy his passion from war to wean
 As this mouth from the lips of that old canteen.

By and by, when all hate for the rags with the bars
 Is forgotten in love for the "stripes and the stars";
 When Columbia rules everything solid and sole,
 From her own ship canal to the ice at the pole:
 When the Grand Army men have obeyed the last call,
 And the May flowers and violets bloom for us all;
 Then away in some garret the cobweb may screen
 My battered, old, cloth-covered tin canteen.



THE SAME CANTEEN.

BY CHARLES G. HALPINE.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Letters of friendship and ties of flowers,
And true lovers' knots, I ween;
The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
And sometimes applejack fine as silk;
But whatever the tippie has been,
We shared it together in bane or bliss,
And I warm to you, friend, when I think of this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

The rich and the great sit down to dine,
And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine
From glasses of crystal and green;
But I guess in their golden potations they miss
The warmth of regard to be found in this—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

We have shared our blankets and tents together,
And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we have been;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best—
We have drunk from the same canteen!

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast, and but little hope
Upon which my faint spirit could lean;
Oh, then, I remember, you crawled to my side,
And, bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,
We drank from the same canteen!

AN OLD FAVORITE.

ANON.

There's a cap in the closet,
Old, tattered, and blue,
Of very slight value,
It may be, to you;

But a crown, jewel-studded,
 Could not buy it to-day,
 With its letters of honor,
 Brave "Company K."

Bright eyes have looked calmly
 Its visor beneath,
 O'er the work of the Reaper,
 Grim harvester. Death!
 Let the muster roll, meager,
 So mournfully say,
 How foremost in danger
 Was "Company K."

Who faltered or shivered?
 Who shunned battle stroke?
 Whose fire was uncertain?
 Whose battle line broke?
 Go ask it of history
 Years from to-day,
 And the record shall tell you
 Not "Company K."

Though my darling is sleeping
 To-day with the dead,
 And daisies and clover
 Bloom over his head.
 I smile through my tears,
 As I lay it away,
 That battle-worn cap
 Lettered "Company K."

CORPORAL JIM.

BY G. B. F.

"Jim Tanner, Commissioner of Pensions, must go."

Yes—I catch on to your meaning,
 You reckon Jim Tanner "won't stay;
 This is a grateful Republic,
 You are patriots," you say;
 And whereas "the taxes are heavy,"
 And whereas "the surplus is low,"
 Resolved, "We must stop paying pensions,
 And Corporal Jim Tanner must go."

Well, I'll be blanked if I can see,
 With all the lights that I've got,
 What difference it makes to you kickers
 If the Corporal goes or not;
 And just right here I'm remarking
 That you're showing a good deal of gall;
 If there hadn't been no Jim Tanners
 We would have had no surplus at all.

Why, we wouldn't have had a Nation,
 To spell with a great big N,
 If it hadn't been for Corporal Jim
 And two million similar men,
 Who bared their breasts to reb bullets
 While you were making your wealth,
 And sneaked in the rear in cowardly fear
 Or went farther north for your health.

So kick about increase and re-ratings,
 Cry pension frauds and all that,
 Claim Tanner will bankrupt the country,
 Be sure get your story down pat;
 Then write Sour Grapes on your banner,
 Tell all the lies you can tell;
 But when the boys go back on Jim Tanner
 Ice will be forty feet thick in hell.

M'CARTY'S PENSION CLAIM.

"Are ye the pinsion-claim agent,
 Whose name is down there on the dure?
 Well, me name, sor, is Terrance McCarty,
 An' I'll put me hat doon on the flure
 While I tell yez me business. Tim Murphy—
 He's a neighbor of moine, sor, is Tim,
 Has jist got his pinsion, an' I, sor,
 Did the book of the swearin' for him.

"These pinsions are very convanient,
 An' they're aisy to git, too, yez see,
 So I thought that I'd take wan meself, now,
 An' have Tim do the swearin' for me.
 So many are thrying for pinsions
 That I thought that I'd thry it a whack,
 For somehow in leppin' the bounties,
 Bedad, sor, I hurted me back."

THE DANDY FIFTH.

BY FRANK H. GASSAWAY.

'Twas the time of the workingmen's great strike,
 When all the land stood still
 At the sudden roar from hungry mouths
 That labor could not fill;
 When the thunder of the railroad ceased,
 And startled towns could spy
 A hundred blazing factories
 Painting each midnight sky.

Through Philadelphia's surging streets
 Marched the brown ranks of toil,
 The grimy legions of the shops,
 The tillers of the soil;
 White-faced militia-men looked on,
 While women shrank with dread;
 'Twas muscle against money then,—
 'Twas riches against bread.

Once, as the mighty mob tramped on,
 A carriage stopped the way,
 Upon the silken seat of which
 A young patrician lay.
 And as, with haughty glance, he swept
 Along the jeering crowd
 A white-haired blacksmith in the ranks
 Took off his cap and bowed.

That night the Labor League was met,
 And soon the chairman said:
 "There hides a Judas in our midst,
 One man who bows his head,
 Who bends the coward's servile knee
 When capital rolls by."
 "Down with him! Kill the traitor cur!"
 Rang out the savage cry.

Up rose the blacksmith, then, and held
 Erect his head of gray;
 "I am no traitor, though I bowed
 To a rich man's son to-day;
 And though you kill me as I stand—
 As like you mean to do—
 I want to tell you a story short,
 And I ask you'll hear me through.

"I was one of those who enlisted first,
 The Old Flag to defend,
 With Pope and Halleck, with 'Mac' and Grant,
 I followed to the end;
 and 'twas somewhere down on the Rapidan,
 When the Union cause looked drear,
 That a regiment of rich young bloods
 Came down to us from here.

Their uniforms were by tailors cut;
 They brought hampers of good wine;
 And every squad had a servant, too,
 To keep their boots in shine;
 They'd naught to say to us dusty 'vets,'
 And, through the whole brigade,
 We called them the kid-gloved Dandy Fifth,
 When we passed them on parade.

"Well, they were sent to hold a fort
 The Rebs tried hard to take,
 'Twas the key of all our line, which naught
 While it held out could break.
 But a fearful fight we lost just then—
 The reserve came up too late;
 And on that fort, and the Dandy Fifth,
 Hung the whole division's fate.

"Three times we tried to take them aid,
 And each time back we fell,
 Though once we could hear the fort's far guns
 Boom like a funeral knell;
 Till at length Joe Hooker's corps came up,
 And then straight through we broke;
 How we cheered as we saw those dandy coats
 Still back of the drifting smoke!

"With the bands all front and our colors spread
 We swarmed up the parapet,
 But the sight that silenced our welcome shout
 I shall never in life forget.
 Four days before had their water gone—
 They had dreaded that the most—
 The next their last scant ration went,
 And each man looked a ghost,

"As he stood, gaunt-eyed, behind his gun,
 Like a crippled stag at bay,
 And watched starvation—though not defeat—
 Draw nearer every day.

Of all the Fifth, not fourscore men
 Could in their places stand.
 And their white lips told a fearful tale,
 As we grasped each bloodless hand.

"The rest in the stupor of famine lay,
 Save here and there a few
 In death sat rigid against the guns,
 Grim sentinels in blue;
 And their colonel, he could not speak or stir,
 But we saw his proud eye thrill
 As he simply glanced to the shot-scarred staff
 Where the old flag floated still!

"Now I hate the tyrants who grind us down,
 While the wolf snarls at our door,
 And the men who've risen from us to laugh
 At the misery of the poor;
 But I tell you, mates, while this weak old hand
 I have left the strength to lift,
 It will touch my cap to the proudest swell
 Who fought in the Dandy Fifth!"

AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

BY P. M'DERMOTT.

I've told thee, boy, a score of times,
 And yet you ask again,
 How and where your Uncle John
 Had fallen 'mongst the slain;
 But boys will seek out knowledge,
 And I find it as a rule.
 They learn more from tales they're told
 Than from books they read at school.

Well 'twas in those stirring times, my lad,
 Long, long ere you were born,
 That the rebel gray, at break of day,
 On a cool September morn,
 Came pouring into Maryland,
 And on Antietam's plain,
 A dreadful battle there was fought,
 And many thousands slain.

A hundred cannon on each side
 Belched forth their flame and smoke,
 Whilst the deadly fire of musketry
 And the clash of saber stroke,
 And the cheers of men who still fought on,
 And the cries of those who fell,
 Whilst the enemy's lines were charged upon,
 To describe—no man can tell.

The tide of battle ebbed and flowed,
 This point now gained then lost;
 Erstwhile the grape and canister
 Mowed down the rebel host,
 Till at close of day those lines of gray
 Seemed to waver, break, and run,
 Then the Union shouts which meant to say
 Antietam's fought and won.

While victory, glorious victory,
 Crowned the efforts of that fight,
 • There was many a soldier mourning
 In solitude that night
 For the loss of friend or brother
 Who fell on that gory plain,
 And henceforth, boy, remember,
 Where your Uncle John was slain.

THE COUNTERSIGN.

'Twas near the break of day, but still
 The moon was shining brightly!
 The west wind as it passed the flowers
 Set each one swaying lightly;
 The sentry slow paced to and fro
 A faithful night-watch keeping,
 While in the tents behind him stretched
 His comrades—all were sleeping.

Slow to and fro the sentry paced,
 His musket on his shoulder,
 But not a thought of death or war
 Was with the brave young soldier.
 Ah, no! his heart was far away
 Where, on a western prairie,
 A rose-twined cottage stood. That night
 The countersign was "Mary."

And there his own true love he saw,
 Her blue eyes kindly beaming,
 Above them, on her sun-kissed brow,
 Her curls like sunshine gleaming;
 And heard her singing, as she churned
 The butter in the dairy,
 The song he loved the best. That night
 The countersign was "Mary."

"Oh, for one kiss from her!" he sighed,
 When, up the lone road glancing,
 He spied a form—a little form,
 With falt'ring steps advancing.
 And as it neared him silently,
 He gazed at it in wonder;
 Then dropped his musket to his hand,
 And challenged: "Who goes yonder"?

Still on it came. "Not one step more,
 Be you man, child, or fairy,
 Unless you give the countersign.
 Halt! Who goes there?" "'Tis Mary,"
 A sweet voice cried, and in his arms
 The girl he'd left behind him,
 Half-fainting fell. O'er many miles
 She'd bravely toiled to find him.

"I heard that you were wounded, dear,"
 She sobbed; "my heart was breaking;
 I could not stay a moment, but,
 All other ties forsaking,
 I traveled by my grief made strong,
 Kind Heaven watching o'er me.
 Until— Unhurt and well?" "Yes, love,"
 "At last you stood before me.

"They told me that I could not pass
 The lines to seek my lover.
 Before day fairly came; but I
 Pressed on ere night was over,
 And as I told my name I found
 The way free as our prairie,"
 "Because, thank God! to-night," he said,
 "The countersign is Mary."



WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

(The Regiment's Return.)

BY E. J. CUTLER.

He is coming, he is coming, my true-love comes home to-day!
All the city throngs to meet him as he lingers by the way.
He is coming from the battle with his knapsack and his gun—
He, a hundred times my darling, for the dangers he hath run!

Twice they said that he was dead, but I would not believe the
he;
While my faithful heart kept loving him I knew he could not
die.
All in white will I array me, with a rosebud in my hair,
And his ring upon my finger—he shall see it shining there!

He will kiss me, he will kiss me with the kiss of long ago;
He will fold his arms around me close, and I shall cry, I know.
Oh, the years that I have waited—rather lives they seemed to
be—
For the dawning of the happy day that brings him back to me!
But the worthy cause has triumphed. Oh, joy! the war is over!
He is coming, he is coming, my gallant soldier lover!

* * * * *

Men are shouting all around me, women weep and laugh for
joy.
Wives behold again their husbands, and the mother clasps her
boy;
All the city throbs with passion; 'tis a day of jubilee;
But the happiness of thousands brings not happiness to me;
I remember, I remember, when the soldiers went away,
There was one among the noblest who has not returned to-day.
Oh, I loved him, how I loved him! and I never can forget
That he kissed me as we parted, for the kiss is burning yet!
'Tis his picture in my bosom, where his head will never lie;
'Tis his ring upon my finger—I will wear it till I die.
Oh, his comrades say that dying he looked up and breathed my
name;
They have come to those that love them, but my darling never
came.
Oh, they say he died a hero—but I knew how that would be;
And they say the cause has triumphed—will that bring him
back to me?

BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

The muffled drums' sad roll has beat
 The soldier's last tattoo;
 No more on life's parade shall meet
 That brave and fallen few.
 On Fame's eternal camping-ground
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And glory guards, with solema round
 The bivouac of the dead.
 No rumor of the foe's advance
 Now swells upon the wind,
 No troubled thought at midnight haunts
 Of loved ones left behind:
 No vision of the morrow's strife
 The warrior's dream alarms,
 No braying horn or screaming fife
 At dawn shall call to arms.
 Their shivered swords are red with rust,
 Their plumed heads are bowed,
 Their haughty banner, trailed in dust
 Is now their martial shroud—
 And plenteous funeral tears have washed
 The red stains from each brow.
 And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
 Are free from anguish now.
 The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
 The bugles' stirring blast,
 The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
 The din and shout are passed—
 Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
 Shall thrill with fierce delight
 Those breasts that never more may feel
 The rapture of the fight.
 Like the fierce northern hurricane
 That sweeps his great plateau,
 Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
 Came down the serried foe—
 Who heard the thunder of the fray
 Break o'er the field beneath,
 Knew well the watchword of that day
 Was victory or death.
 Full many a nother's breath has swept
 O'er Angostura's plain,
 And long the pitying sky has wept
 Above its mouldered slain.

The raven's scream or eagle's fight,
 Or shepherd's pensive lay,
 Alone now wake each solemn height
 That frowned o'er that dread fray.
 Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
 Dear as the blood ye gave!
 No impious footstep here shall tread
 The herbage of your grave;
 Nor shall your glory be forgot
 While Fame her record keeps,
 Or Honor points the hallowed spot
 Where Valor proudly sleeps.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEME- TERY.--NOVEMBER, 1864.

Four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government, of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

PART THREE.

G. A. R. SONGS.

THE POWER OF PATRIOTIC SONG.

Shortly after the firing on Fort Sumter, a gentleman in Washington, stopping at Willards' Hotel, relates the following incident. There was a feeling of terrible suspense and uncertainty prevalent. Great reluctance to commence a war, the fearful havoc of which could not be foreseen; the Southern people were enthusiastic, the Northern people undecided. One evening when this dreadful feeling of gloom pervaded all hearts, a gentleman began singing the "Star Spangled Banner;" as he proceeded, his voice, at first feeble, grew strong and vigorous. The song was heard throughout the hotel, and one after another the windows were thrown open; then first one and then another joined in the song; until when the chorus of the second verse was reached, there was a mighty chorus of men's voices. The singing attracted the passers-by, who stopped and joined their voices also in the chorus, which swelled forth from over a hundred throats, electrified all who heard and transfixed all who sang. At the close, men grasped each other's hands, and sent forth cheer after cheer. The moment of indecision was past, and the spirit of patriotism was thus awakened that saved the Union.

(Copyrighted.)

THE LITTLE BRONZE BUTTON.

(Air, The Old Oaken Bucket.)

BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR, F. S. BARTRAM.

How dear to my heart are the comrades I cherish,
 Who stood by my side in the battles' dark hours;
 Who offered their lives that the land should not perish,
 The nation our fathers had left us for dower.
 Who stayed not to question the right to defend her,
 The mother who bore them, when enemies pressed;
 But formost in battle, scorned coward surrender,
 And earned them the signet that shines on their breast.

The little bronze button, the veterans' button;
 The Grand Army button that shines on their breast.
 It's the token of deeds of true patriot's daring;
 It's the pledge of bright courage in battles of fray;
 There earned they the right to the honor of wearing
 The symbol whose glory grows brighter each day.
 No jeweled insignia, with diamonds entwining,
 No cross of the legions by princess possessed,
 Can ennoble the bosom on which it is shining,
 Like the little bronze button they wear on their breast.
 The eloquent button, the deed telling button;
 The Grand Army button, that shines on their breast.

Whenever I see one, 'mid plainness or splendor,
 In the garments of wealth or of poverty dress'd,
 I know that the heart of a soldier is under
 The little bronze button that shines on this breast.
 So in life will I cherish, all honors exceeding,
 And when, the March past, they shall lay me to rest,
 Like a soldier I'll slumber, earth's tumult unheeding,
 And the little bronze button shall sleep on my breast,
 The Grand Army button, the heart cherished button,
 The battle won button shall sleep on my breast.

COMRADES.

We from childhood played together, my dear comrade, Jack
 and I;
 We would fight each other's battles, to each other's aid we'd fly;
 And, in boyish scrapes and troubles, you would find us every-
 where;
 Where one went the other followed, naught could part us, for
 we were

CHORUS.

Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys,
 Sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys;
 Comrades when manhood was dawning, faithful whate'er might
 betide,
 And when danger threatened the Union my darling old com-
 rades were there by my side.
 When just budding into manhood I yearned for a soldier's life;
 Night and day I dreamed of glory, longing for the battle's
 strife;
 I said, "Jack, I'll be a soldier, 'neath the red, the white, and
 blue;
 Good-by, Jack!" Said he, "No, never! if you go then I'll go,
 too."

CHORUS.

Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys,
 Sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys;
 Comrades when manhood was dawning, faithful whate'er might
 betide,
 When danger threatened my darling old comrade was there by
 my side.

I enlisted, Jack came with me, and up-and-downs we shared;
 For a time our lives were peaceful, but at length war was
 declared;
 Our dear flag had been insulted, we were ordered to the front,
 And the reg'ment we belonged to had to bear the battle's brunt.

CHORUS.

Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys,
 Sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys;
 Comrades when manhood was dawning, faithful whate'er might
 betide,
 When danger threatened my darling old comrade was there by
 my side.

In the night the savage foemen crept around us as we lay,
 To our arms we leaped, and faced them, back to back we stood
 at bay;
 As I fought a rebel at me aimed his bayonet like lightning's
 dart,
 But my comrade sprang to save me, and received it in his heart.

CHORUS.

Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys,
 Sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys;
 Comrades when manhood was dawning, faithful whate'er might
 betide,
 When danger threatened my darling old comrade was there by
 my side.

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THIRTY YEARS AGO.

(Air—Just Twenty Years Ago.)

BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR, F. S. BARTRAM.

By Heaven's grace we meet again,
 Old memories we renew;
 We stand together just the same
 As when the bullets flew;

We cling together as we did
 When clouds were black with woe,
 We sing together as we did
 Near thirty years ago.

Times must have made our visions dim
 "Since eighteen sixty-one;"
 The silvered locks, the trembling limb,
 Reveal what age has done;
 But time don't change our purpose—
 We never backward go;
 Our faith in right is just as brim
 As thirty years ago.

Our country's fallen heroes sleep—
 Some in neglected tomb;
 What though her living cripples creep
 In want, distress, and gloom.
 No want can make their interest lag,
 No sorrow, pain, nor woe.
 They're just as loyal to the flag
 As thirty years ago.

Mankind devotes the present hour
 To rivalry for place,
 Intent alone on gain and power,
 And scheme to win life's race;
 What if we keep the past in vain—
 What if our pace be slow,
 Our hearts though few beat just as true
 As thirty years ago.

(Copyrighted.)

THE REBEL PICKET.

(Air—Annie Laurie.)

BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR, F. S. BARTRAM.

Potomac banks were bonny,
 Some thirty years ago;
 'Twas there I met a "Johnny"
 From Rebeldom, you know,
 From Rebeldom, you know,
 Where rare persimmons grow;
 And for this benighted "Johnny"
 I'd ne'er lay down and die.

His eyes with fire were gleaming,
 While he crept on apace;
 His hair unkempt was streaming
 Adown his grizzled face,
 Adown his grizzled face,
 Bereft of comely grace;
 And for this deluded "Johnny"
 I'd ne'er lay down and die.

His clothes were gray and muddy,
 His slouch hat without a band,
 His countenance was ruddy,
 A gun was in his hand,
 His gun was in his hand,
 He was crawling o'er the sand;
 And for this gray, skulking "Johnny"
 I'd ne'er lay down and die.

At last the bushes parted
 Where I concealed had lain;
 He rose and backward started,
 I hailed him, but in vain,
 I halted him in vain,
 Then took deliberate aim
 At this skulking, fleeing "Johnny"
 Who at full length did lie.

I cautiously approached him,
 Deep sorrow filled my heart,
 And as I bound his bleeding limb
 His quivering lips did part,
 His quivering lips did part.
 He said with fluttering heart,
 "Yank, fill me up with whisky straight,
 Then lay me down to die."

(Copyrighted.)

AFTER THE BATTLE.

(We Old Boys.)

BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR, F. S. BARTRAM.

'Twas side by side as comrades dear,
 In dark days long ago,
 We fought the fight without a fear,
 And rendered blow for blow;
 In battle, march, or prison pen,
 Each unto each was true,
 As beardless boys became strong men,
 And braved the long war through.

CHORUS.

We are the boys, the gay old boys,
 Who marched in sixty-one;
 We'll ne'er forget old times, my boys,
 When you and I were young.
 And tho' thro' all these years of peace
 We're somewhat older grown,
 The spirit of those early days
 We'll ever proudly own;
 Our grand old flag is just as fair
 As in the trying time
 When traitors sought its folds to tear
 And we suppressed the crime.

CHORUS.

What if grim age creeps on apace,
 Our souls shall not grow old;
 But we shall stand as in the days
 When we were warriors bold;
 We stood for right—for our dear land—
 For home, and all that's true;
 So, firmly clasp hand unto hand,
 And comradeship renew.

CHORUS.

(Copyrighted.)

THE G. A. R.

(Air—Lanrigger Horatius.)

BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR, F. S. BARTRAM.

Comrades tried and ever true—
 Members of the G. A. R.;
 Veterans who wore the blue
 In the ranks of G. A. R.
 Men who drew the Union sword—
 Saved the flag from rebel horde—
 Valor that mankind adored—
 Loyal, faithful G. A. R.
 Men of this heroic host,
 In the ranks of G. A. R.,
 'Tis your privilege to boast
 Of the deeds of G. A. R.
 You remember days of yore—
 Comrades long since gone before
 Tenting now on mystic shore,
 Silent, faithful G. A. R.

How these greetings dear to all
 Members of the G. A. R.,
 Tenderest memories recall
 To the living G. A. R.
 Here our hopes and faith entwine—
 Cling like tendrils to the vine,
 Touch of kin almost divine
 Binds the passing G. A. R.

(Copyrighted.)

THINKING TO-NIGHT.

(Air—Tenting To-night.)

BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR, F. S. BARTRAM.

We are thinking to-night of the old camp ground,
 Where the bosom of earth was one bed,
 Though the years that we passed in that wearisome round,
 Till the last good-by was said.

CHORUS.

Many are the men we remember to-night,
 Whose loss fills our hearts with regret,
 Whose forms fondly cherished have passed from our sight,
 But whose deeds we shall never forget.

REFRAIN.

Living to-night, thinking to-night,
 Thinking of the old camp ground.

How brief seem the years since we drifted apart,
 Since with thousands old time has stood still,
 Yet those memories linger in each loving heart,
 While their places no other can fill.

CHORUS.

Many are the men we remember to-night,
 Whose loss fills our hearts with regret,
 Whose forms fondly cherished have passed from our sight,
 But whose deeds we shall never forget.

REFRAIN.

Living to-night, dying to-night,
 Thinking of the old camp ground.

O! say can you see by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming;
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight
 O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming;
 And the rocket's red glare; the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
 O! say, does the star-spangled banner still wave, { *Repeat.*
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
 'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave { *Repeat.*
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
 A home and a country should leave us no more?
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
 No refuge could save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave { *Repeat.*
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved homes and the foe's desolation;
 Bless'd with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land,
 Praise the power that has made and preserved us a nation!
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto—"In God is our trust."
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave { *Repeat.*
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

AIR:—Star Spangled Banner.

O say, have you heard how the Flag of our sires
 Was insulted by traitors, in boastful alliance,
 When for Union's dear cause, over Sumpter's red fires,
 In front of Rebellion it waved its defiance?
 Over Sumter it flew,
 Over patriots true,
 And through all that fierce conflict still dearer it grew.
 'Twas the Flag of Fort Sumter! we saw it still wave
 O'er the heads of the Free and the hearts of the Brave!

That banner so bright, it was nailed to its mast,
 As a sign that for Freedom there's still no surrender;
 And the staff that up-bore it in battle's dread blast,
 Yet remains to be raised by its gallant defender!
 Over Sumter it flew,
 Over Anderson true,
 And through all the dark conflict still dearer it grew.
 'Twas the Flag of Fort Sumter! O long may it wave
 O'er the heads of the Free and the hearts of the Brave!

When in Union's dear name, freedom's cause to sustain,
 Round our Washingtons form, half a million assembled,
 In the Statue's prond hand, high unrolled once again,
 Rode the Flag that in danger's front never had trembled!
 Streaming heavenward it flew,
 Over patriots true,
 And though torn from the conflict, still dearer it grew.
 'Twas the Flag of Fort Sumter! we saw it still wave
 O'er the heads of the Free and the hearts of the Brave!

There are fields yet to win, there are conflicts to fight,
 Till the foes of our Union are vanquished forever!
 But the flag that was nailed over Sumter's red height,
 From the staff that upheld it no traitors can sever;
 It shall fly as it flew,
 Over patriots true,
 Whilst our oaths for the Union beneath we renew;
 For the Flag of Fort Sumter in glory shall wave
 O'er the heads of the Free and the hearts of the Brave!

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA. 67

Our camp-fire shone bright on the mountains
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe ;
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, " Boys, up and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the sea."
Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman,
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles rechoed the music,
That came from the lips of the men.
For we knew that the stars on our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland won't greet us
When Sherman marched down to the sea.
Then forward, boys, forward to battle,
We marched on our wearisome way,
And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca,
God bless those who fell on that day !
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free,
But the East and the West bore our standards,
And Sherman marched down to the sea.
Still onward we pressed till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor's flag falls ;
But we paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
As Sherman marched down to the sea.
Oh, proud was our army that morning,
That stood where the pine proudly towers,
When Sherman said, " Boys, you are weary,
This day fair Savannah is ours !"
Then sung we a song for our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone brighter,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.
And now, though our marching is over,
And peace and the Union are sure,
We think we will finish our labor,
And all that we fought for secure
By voting for wise men and true men
That they may our sentinels be,
To guard what our gallant men went for
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

THE GRANT BOYS IN BLUE.

Air:—"Red, White and Blue."

America, land of bright freedom,
 No longer accursed by a slave,
 When tyrants denounce, never heed them,
 But up with the flag of the brave.
 It shone o'er ranks in dark danger,
 When missiles of death 'round us flew,
 To skulking and fear 'tis a stranger,
 When borne by the Grant Boys in Blue.

CHORUS.

When borne by the Grant Boys in Blue,
 When borne by the Grant Boys in Blue,
 To skulking and fear 'tis a stranger,
 When borne by the Grant Boys in Blue.

When rebels our Union to sever,
 Made war o'er the land and the seas,
 Not an inch would we yield them, no, never,
 But threw our old flag to the breeze.
 Around it the valiant quick rally,
 Their fealty to freedom renew,
 On the march, in battle and the sally,
 Shone the flag of the Grant Boys in Blue.
 Shone the flag, &c.

At Shiloh, at Vicksburg, at Lookout,
 At Donelson, pelted by storm,
 We lo'e it o'er rampart and redoubt,
 Gave victory a lustre and form.
 In the Wilderness, constant in battle,
 Through weeks of dread conflict it flew,
 'Twas seen in the midst of war's rattle,
 Proudly borne by the Grant Boys in Blue.
 Proudly borne, &c.

No field but as victors we bore it,
 When Grant our great leader was there,
 Richmond fell, (only traitors deplore it,)
 Appomattox saw Lee in despair.
 Grant and victory, nothing could sever,
 Grant and victory, the boast of the true,
 The Army and Navy for ever,
 Huzza for the Grant Boys in Blue.
 - Huzza for the Grant, &c.

Ye sons of Freedom, rally round him !
 Hark ! hark ! what thousands bid you rise !
 Behold ! with laurels they have crowned him
 What eager shouts and joyous cries !
 Shall treacherous minions, terror-breeding,
 In council sit, a ruffian band,
 To shame and desecrate our land,
 While we look tamely on, unheeding ?

CHORUS.

Arouse ! arouse ! ye brave,
 Who fought to keep us free,
 Once more, once more, fill up the ranks
 For Grant and Victory !

Now, now our country shrinks and trembles,
 Not from the battle's rude alarms.
 But from the danger which dissembles,
 The serpent-sting that silent harms.
 Her generous bosom warmed the traitor,
 Who turns and wounds her in the hour
 When she has laid aside her power,
 And dreams not foes at home await her,

Arouse ! arouse ! ye brave, &c.

Oh, Liberty ! can men resign thee !
 Or e'er forget who rushed to save—
 Whose arm, in danger's hour entwined thee,
 Whose breast, a shield for thee, he gave ?
 No, grateful millions round him rally,
 With eager shouts and joyous cries—
 Hark, how from mountain-top and valley,
 The loud exalting peans, rise !

Arouse ! arouse ! ye brave, &c.

70 I DREAMED MY BOY WAS HOME AGAIN.

Lonely, weary, broken-hearted,
As I laid me down to sleep,
Thinking of the day we parted,
When you told me not to weep ;
Soon I dreamed that peaceful Angels
Hovered o'er the battle-plain,
Singing songs of joy and gladness,
And my boy was home again.

CHORUS.

How well I know such thoughts of joy,
Such dreams of bliss are vain !
My heart is sad, my tears will flow,
Until my boy is home again.

Tears were changed to loud rejoicings,
Night was turned to endless day,
Loving birds were sweetly singing,
Flowers blooming in light array ;
Old and young seemed light and cheerful,
Peace seemed everywhere to reign,
My poor heart forgot its sorrow ;
For, my boy was home again !

How well I know, &c.

But the dream is past : and with it
All my happiness is gone :
Cheerful thoughts of joy have vanished,
I must still in sorrow mourn ;
Soon may peace with all its blessings,
Our unhappy land reclaim,
Then my tears will cease their flowing,
And my boy be home again !

How well I know, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

71

Hark ! to the shrill trumpet calling,
It pierces the soft summer air ;
Tears from each comrade are falling,
For the widow and orphan are there ;
Bayonets earthward are turning,
The drum muffled voice breathes around,
Yet he heeds not the voice of the mourner,
Nor wakes to the soft bugle's sound.

Sleep, soldier, tho' many may mourn thee,
And weep o'er thy cold form to day ;
Soon, soon will thy kindred forget thee,
Thy name from the earth pass away ;
The man thou hast loved as a brother,
Some friend in thy place shall have gain'd
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,
Thy steed by another be reined.

Tho' many now mourn for thee sadly,
Soon joyous as ever they'll be ;
Thy bright orphan boy will laugh gladly,
As he sits on some brave comrade's knee.
But there's one who'll be true to her duty,
Who will mourn for the lost and the brave,
As when first in the bloom of her beauty,
She wept o'er her loved soldier's grave.

72 **BRING MY BROTHER BACK TO ME.**

Bring my brother back to me,
When this war is done;
Give us all the joys we shared,
Ere it had begun;
Oh! bring my brother back to me,
Never more to stray!
This is all my earnest prayer,
Through the weary day.

CHORUS.

Bring him back, bring him back,
With his smiling, healthful glee;
Bring him back, bring him back,
Bring my brother back to me!

All the house is lonely now,
And my voice no more,
In the pleasant summer eves,
Greets him at the door.
Never more I hear his step
By the garden gate,
While I sit in anxious tears,
Knowing not his fate.

Bring him back, &c.

Bring my brother back to me,
From the battle strife;
Thou who watchest o'er the good,
Shield his precious life!
When this war has passed away,
Safe from all alarms;
Bring my brother home again,
To my longing arms!

Bring him back &c.

Oh ! see you not yonder the foe in his might ?

The dark battlements rise like dim shadows before us ;

But, oh ! we are eager and long for the fight,

With faith in our hearts and the flag streaming o'er us.

When the first streak of morn o'er the waters shall dawn,

With high throbbing bosoms we'll brave every storm,

And this be our watchword : Our dear Liberty,

The country that bore us, the land of the free !

Up ! onward ! Zouaves, through the battle and smoke,

'Mid the thunder of cannon, straight into the breach !

Charge, Blue-Devils ! see how the Rebels have broke.

Advance then—their columns you swiftly will reach.

Bright bayonets flash as we furiously dash

With splendid precision and nothing done rash ;

Our brave Kimball leads us the victory is won,

Our flag's on the ramparts, the battle is done !

But, ah ! we must stop and relate how we sighed

For the brave the adored and lamented Monteil,

Chargez mes enfants ! and a true soldier died.

With the soul of a patriot and heart firm as steel !

His praise will be sung upon every tongue,

While the hearts that are now with their anguish wrung,

Will be proud of the Zouave who died in the van,

The hero and Christain fellow comrade, and man.

74 MY COUNTRY'S FLAG OF STARS.

Words by Lieut. Wm. D. PORTER, U. S. N. Music by ANTON STRAUBE

The Music of this Song is published by E. H. HARDING, 288 Bowery.
Price, 10 cents.

I've roam'd for many a lengthen'd mile
Upon the stormy seas;
I've seen some twenty banners float
Full proudly on the breeze.
That standard, too, Great Britain's pride,
The boast of England's tars,
Yet none could thrill my heart like thee,
My Country's Flag of Stars.
Yet none could thrill my heart like thee,
My Country's Flag of Stars.

Brazil's gay flag of gorgeous dyes,
The banner of Old Spain,
Ev'n Gallia's bunting as it flies,
Is not undimm'd by stain.
Their lustre has been sullied oft
At home by deadly jars,
But thy bright azure fold is pure,
My Country's Flag of Stars.
But thy bright azure fold is pure,
My Country's Flag of Stars.

In some fam'd foreign port I've seen
The ships of half the world,
To celebrate some gala day.
Their bunting all unfurl'd.
With eager heart, I've glanced my eye

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG OF STARS. [CONCLUDES 75

Along their tap'ring spars,
Until my gaze has fixed on thee,
My Country's Flag of stars.
Until my gaze has fixed on thee,
My Country's Flag of Stars.

And as thy stripes and star-speck'd field
Broke on my eager sight,
My heart beat strong, my bosom thrilled
With unalloyed delight.
I hailed thee as the cynosure
Of true Columbian Tars ;
The banner of the brave and free,
My Country's Flag of Stars.
The banner of the brave and free,
My country's Flag of Stars.

Oh where's the heart, possessing but
One spark of freedom's zeal,
That does not, gazing on thy folds,
A patriot's spirit feel.
What veteran too, as he looks down
Upon his dear bought scars,
That does not hail thee with delight,
My Country's Flag of Stars.
That does not hail thee with delight,
My Country's Flag of Stars.

"BENNY HAVENS" was for many years a contraband seller of liquors and viands to the "West Point Cadets," and in course of time, was expelled from the immediate precincts of the military academy. He then opened a regular establishment a mile or two south of West Point, which has been a favorite place of resort for Cadets on a convivial party, "sans permission." The lamented O'Brien, formerly a sergeant in the army, was commissioned as a lieutenant in the "Eighth Infantry." Before or while about joining his regiment, he stopped at West Point to visit an early friend of his, the late Major RIPLEY A. ARNOLD, then a first class Cadet, residing at No 32 "Rue de Cockloft," in the old North Branch. They made frequent excursions to "Benny's." The song was composed by O'BRIEN, ARNOLD, and others of the class, became, as it is now, and ever will be, extremely popular with all graduates who ever learned the way to "Benny Havens" during their academical course at West Point.

A GRADUATE.

Come, tune your voices comrades, and stand up in a row,
For to singing sentimentally, we are about to go.
In the army there's so briety, promotion very slow,
So we'll sigh our reminiscences of Benny Havens, Oh!

CHORUS.

O! Benny Havens, O! O! Benny Havens, O!
We'll sigh our reminiscences of Benny Havens, O!
O! Benny Havens, O! O! Benny Havens, O!
We'll sigh our reminiscences of Benny Havens, O!

Let us toast our foster father (the Republic as you know),
Who in the paths of science taught us upwards for to go;
And then the madiens of our land, whose cheeks with roses
glow,
Whose smiles and tears were sung 'mid cheers, at Benny Havens
O!

O! Benny Havens, &c.

To the ladies of the Empire State, whose hearts and albums
too,
Bear sad examples of the wrongs that stripling soldiers do,
We bid a sad adieu, our hearts with sorrow overflow,
Our loves and rhymings had their source at Benny Havens, Oh!

O! Benny Havens, &c.

Of the smile-wreathed maids with virgin lips, like roses dipped
in dew.

Who are to be our better halves we'd like to take a view;
But sufficient to the bridal day is the ill of it, you know,
So we'll cheer our hearts with chorusing old Benny Havens O!

O! Benny Havens, &c.

To the ladies of the army, our cups shall overflow!
Companions of our exile, and our shield 'gainst every woe!
We throw the gauntlet in their cause, and taunt the soulless foe,
Who'd hesitate to drink to them, and Benny Havens O!

O! Benny Havens, &c.

May we never lack a smile for friend, or stern heart for a foe,
May all our paths be pleasantness, wherever we may go!
May the muster-roll of after years report us "statu quo,"
And goodly samples of the age, of Benny Havens O!

O! Benny Havens, &c.

Oh remember, gallant comrades, as o'er the past we go,
The ties that must be cut in twain, as o'er life's sea we row!
The hearts that throb in unison must moulder down below,
And laughing lips lie mute that wag'd at Benny Havens O!

O! Benny Havens, &c.

'Tis said by commentators, when to other worlds we go,
We follow the same handiwork we did in this below.
If this be true philosophy (the sexton, he says no),
What days of dance and song we'll have at Benny Havens O!

O! Benny Havens, &c.

As the ruby-tinted dahlia owes its purest, brightest glow,
To the warmest rays that Sol can pour upon it here below,
So our hearts acquire new joyousness from brilliant eyes that
throw

The genial rays upon our souls, and Benny Havens O!

O! Benny Havens, &c.

GENERAL PAT.**Air: "Captain Jinks."**

I'm General Pat of the Sons of Mars,
 I smokes and eats the best cigars,
 I drinks at all the whiskey bars,
 I'm gineral in the army ;
 I tache politicians all the tricks,
 All the tricks, all the tricks,
 I tache politicians all the tricks,
 I'm one of the general committee.

Spoken : Yes, gintleman, I'm one of the gineral committee of our ward. When I was before Patersburg with big fat Curnell Gleason, I was going to be court-martialed one day for dealing out too much grog to the bhoys : but I wasn't court-martialed any way, and I've come here to-night to be your humble and affectionate servant.

I'm Gineral Pat of the Sons of Mars,
 I drinks at all the whiskey bars,
 I eats and smokes the best cigars,
 I'm a gineral in the army.

I joined the corps in '61,
 I tell you my boys it was no fun,
 The very first battle I fell in,
 I own I wasn't cut out for the army.
 When I left home, my father he cried,
 My brother he cried, my sister she cried,
 When I left home, my mother she cried,
 " Arrah, Patsy, are ye going to the army ?"

Spoken: "Yes, mother," says I, "a divil a pig will I ever feed for you agin." "Well," says she, "God bless ye, for ye was always a good obadian boy, and I hope you'll send me some a bit of your bounty, for the rint is coming due at the first of the month." "I will, mother," says I. "But howsomever, gintlemin, I was always the first man in battle and the last out of it, and I never liked to cross my sword with a man that had as white a face as I did, or spaking of the same language, or a man from my own country, but if it was a nager or a Dutchman, or a Cuban, or any other filibuster, begorra, he wouldn't be master of his own scalp for more than fifteen minutes, for I always was and always will be to the day I die—God bless the mark!

I'm Ginerall Pat, &c.

We met the enemy at Bull Run,
 And I was there with my big gun,
 When the rebels saw me, they all did run,
 Away from me in the army,
 The rebels they did all cry out,
 They all did shout, they all bawled out,
 The rebels they did all cry out,
 Shoot that Irishman out of the army.

Spoken: Yes, gintlemin, and, begorra, I was afraid they were a-going to do it, and if they had, what would have been the consequence? Why the Fenian Brotherhood would be deprived of one of its brightest ornaments. But you see they havn't, gintlemin, and I'm here to-night to be your most humble and affectionate servant.

I'm Ginerall Pat, &c.

Hail Columbia! happy land! hail, ye heroes! heaven-born
band!

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

And when the storm of war was gone, enjoyed the peace your
valor won.

Let independence be our boast, ever mindful what it cost;

Ever grateful for the prize, let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS.

Firm united let us be, rallying round our liberty;

As a band of brothers joined, peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more, defend your rights, defend
your shore.

Let no rude foe, with impious hand,

Let no rude foe, with impious hand,

Invade the shrine where sacred lies, of toil and blood the well-
earned prize.

While offering peace sincere and just, in heaven we place a
manly trust,

That truth and justice will prevail, and every scheme of bond-
age fail.

Firm united let us be, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of fame! let WASHINGTON's great
name

Ring through the world with loud applause,

Ring through the world with loud applause;

Let every clime to Freedom dear, listen with a joyful ear.

With equal skill and god-like power, he govern'd in the fear-
ful hour

Of horrid war! or guides, with ease, the happier times of
honest peace.

Firm united let us be, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands, again to serve his
country, stands—

The rock on which the storm will beat,

The rock on which the storm will beat;

But, armed in virtue firm and true, his hopes are fix'd on
Heaven and you.

When hope was sinking in dismay, and gloom obscured Colum-
bia's day.

His steady mind, from changes free, resolved on death or
liberty.

Firm united let us be, &c.

On Shiloh's dark and bloody ground,
 The dead and wounded lay;
 Among them was a drummer boy,
 Who beat the drum that day.
 A wounded soldier held him up,
 His drum was by his side;
 He clasped his hands, then raised his eyes,
 And prayed before he died:

Look down upon the battle-field,
 O Thou, our Heavenly Friend!
 Have mercy on our sinful souls!—
 The soldiers cried, Amen!
 For, gathered round a little group,
 Each brave man knelt and cried—
 They listened to the drummer boy,
 Who prayed before he died.

O Mother! said the dying boy,
 Look down from Heaven on me;
 Receive me to thy fond embrace—
 Oh! take me home to thee—
 I've loved my Country as my God;
 To serve them both I've tried—
 He smiled, shook hands—death seized the boy,
 Who prayed before he died.

Each soldier wept, then like a child—
 Stout hearts were they, and brave—
 The Flag, his winding sheet—God's Book,
 The key unto his grave.
 They wrote upon a simple board
 These words, This is a guide
 To those who'd mourn the drummer boy,
 Who prayed, before he died.

Ye, Angels' round the throne of grace,
 Look down upon the braves,
 Who fought and died on Shiloh's plain,
 Now slumbering in their graves;
 How many homes made desolate!
 How many hearts have sighed!
 How many like that drummer boy,
 Who prayed, before he died!

Words by W. DEXTER SMITH, JR.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.

In one of our late battles a young lieutenant had his right foot so shattered by a fragment of a shell that, on reaching Washington after one of those horrible ambulance rides, and a journey of a week's duration, he was obliged to undergo amputation of the leg. He telegraphed home, hundreds of miles away, that all was going well, and with a soldier's fortitude composed himself to bear his sufferings alone.

Unknown to him, however, his mother, one of those dear reserves of the army, hastened up to join the main force. She reached the city at midnight, and the nurses would have kept her from him until morning. One sat by his side fanning him as he slept, her hand on the feeble, fluctuating pulsations which foreboded sad results. But what woman's heart could resist the pleadings of a mother then? In the darkness she was finally allowed to glide in and take the place at his side. She touched his pulse as the nurse had done. Not a word had been spoken; but the sleeping boy opened his eyes and said: "That feels like my mother's hand! Who is this beside me? It is my mother; turn up the gas, and let me see mother!"

The two dear faces met in one long, joyful sobbing embrace, and the fondness pent up in each heart sobbed and panted and wept forth its expression.

The gallant fellow, just twenty-one, his leg amputated on the last day of his three years' service, underwent operation after operation, and at last, when death drew nigh, and he was told by tearful friends that it only remained to make him comfortable, said: "he had looked death in the face too many times to be afraid now," and died as gallantly as did the men of the Cumberland.

Thro' the darkness I have listened,
For the music of her voice,
For the gentle words of comfort,
That would make my heart rejoice.
All the weary hours I've counted,
Measured o'er and o'er again,
Yet no Mother came to cheer me,
Or to soothe my throbbing pain.

CHORUS.

I have prayed she might be near me
Ere I seek that other Land,
And I feel she is beside me,
For I know my mother's hand.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME 83

Hark I hear familiar footsteps,
And a well-remembered sigh,
Bringing back the distant moments,
When youth's changeful hours went by ;
And I feel the gentle pressure,
On my brow, thy kisses fanned,
Yes I know she is beside me,
I can feel my mother's hand.
I have prayed, &c.

Mother ! yes, it is my mother,
She is here beside me now,
In the world there is no other,
Who can calm my burning brow ;
Let me look upon her features,
Which I oft with love have scanned.
Oh ! I know it is my mother,
For I feel her gentle hand.
I have prayed, &c.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah, hurrah !
We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah, hurrah !
The men will cheer, the boys will shout !
The ladies, they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church-bell will peal with joy, hurrah, hurrah !
To welcome home our darling boy, hurrah, hurrah !
The village lads and lasses say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee, hurrah, hurrah !
We'll give the hero three times three, hurrah, hurrah !
The laurel-wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship, on that day, hurrah, hurrah !
Their choicest treasures then display, hurrah, hurrah !
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

84 **TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.**

We're tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Give us a song to cheer,
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear !

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease :
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace :
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp-ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Thinking of the days gone by :
Of the loved ones at home, that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said : Good-bye !

Many are the hearts, &c.

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground :
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true, who've left their homes :
Others have been wounded long.

Many are the hearts, &c.

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp-ground :
Many are lying near,
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears !

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease ;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace :
Dying to-night, dying to-night,
Dying on the old camp-ground.

KINGDOM COMING.

S.,

Say, darkeys, hab you seen de massa,
Wid de mufstash on his face,
Go long de road some time dis mornin',
Like he gwine to leab de place?
He sech a smoke way up de ribber,
Whar de Linkum gunboats lay;
He took his hat, an' lef' berry sudden,
An' I spee' he's run away!

CHORUS.

De massa run? ha! ha!
De darkey stay? ho, ho!
It mus' be now de kingdom comin'
An' de year ob Jubilo!

He six foot one way, two foot tudder,
An' he weigh tree hundred pound,
His coat so big, he couldn't pay de tailor,
An' it won't go half way round.
He drill so much, dey call him Cap'an,
An' he get so drefful tanned,
I spec' he try an' fool dem Yankees,
For to tink he's contraband.

De massa, &c.

De darkeys feel so berry lonesome,
Libing in de log-house on de lawn,
Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor,
For to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine an' eider in de kitchen,
An' de darkeys dey'll hab some;
I spose dey'll all be cornfiscated,
When de Linkum sojers come.

De massa, &c.

De oberseer he make us trouble,
An' he drike us round a spell;
We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar,
Wid de key trown in de well.
De whip is lost, de han'-cuff broken,
But de massa'll hab his pay,
He's ole enuff, big enuff, ought to know better
Dan to went, an' run away.

De massa, &c.

86 WHO WILL CARE FOR MICKY NOW

A Parody on: "Who will Care for Mother Now?"

Among the many heroic fellows who drew a prize in the U. S. lottery, was a distinguished Frenchman—from Limerick—the only support of himself. On being told by the Surgeon he would "Pass," he placed his hand on his empty stomach, and while a big tear of bravery rolled down his cheek, exclaimed in accents that would have touched the heart of a wheel-barrow: "Who will care for Micky now?"

Arrah! Molly darlin' I am drafted,
 Sure I must for a soger go;
 An' have you all alone behind me,
 For to fight the rebel foe—
 But, be the powers! me pluck is failin'.
 Big drops of swate roll down my brow;
 Och, millia murther! I am drafted,
 Who will care for Micky now?

CHORUS. —Soon 'gainst ribels I'll be marching,
 Wid the swate upon me brow—
 Och, blud an' nouns! I'm kilt entirely:
 Who will care for Micky now?

Arrah! who will comfort me in sorrow,
 Wid a drop of gin or beer;
 Wash me dirty shirts and stockin's?
 Faix! there's no one, I fear—
 Me feet are blistered wid the marching,
 Me knapsack makes me shoulders bow—
 Pork and crackers are me rations:
 Who will care for Micky now?
 Soon 'gainst ribels, &c.

Indade I miss me feather pillow
 An' bed on which I used to lie—
 The pine planks make me feel uneasy,
 If I had wings, och! wudn't I fly!
 But one ov me legs is stiff, dear,
 Since I was kicked be Murphy's cow;
 I'm afraid I niver can skedaddle:
 Who will care for Micky now?
 Soon 'gainst ribels, &c.

The retired soldier, bold and brave,
Now rests his weary feet,
And in the shelter of the grave,
Has found a safe retreat;
To him the trumpet's piercing breath,
To arms, they call in vain;
For quartered in the arms of death,
He'll never, never march again.

CHORUS.

March, march again, march, march again,
March, march again, march, march again,
For quartered in the arms of death,
He'll never, never march again.

A day when he left his father's home,
The charms of war to try.
O'er regions hath he had to roam,
No friend or mother nigh,
But still he marched contented on,
Met danger, death and pain,
And now at rest, all dangers o'er,
He'll never, never march again.

March, march, &c.

The sweets of spring by beauteous hand,
Lay scattered on his bier,
Whilst listening round his comrades stand,
Gave honest Ned a tear,
Whilst lovely Kate, for Ned's delight,
Chief mourner of the train,
Cried, as she view'd the solemn sight,
He'll never, never march again.

March, march, &c.

88 WRITE A LETTER TO MY MOTHER.

Words by E. BOWERS.

Music by P. B. ISAACSON.

An Officer, captured at the battle of Bull-Run, relates the following incident. After our capture, I observed a Federal prisoner tenderly cared for by a rebel soldier. I gleaned, from their conversation, that they were brothers. The brave boy, while battling for the Union, received his death-wound from his own brother, at that time a private in the rebel ranks. Never shall I forget the look of utter despair depicted upon that rebel's face; the dying boy, with a smile of holy resignation, clasped his brother's hand, spoke of their father who was then fighting for their dear old flag, of mother, of home, of childhood—then, requesting his brother to *write a letter to mother*, and imploring him never to divulge the secret of his death, the young hero yielded up his life.

Raise me in your arms, my brother,
 Let me see the glorious sun;
 I am weary, faint and dying,
 How is the battle—lost or won?
 I remember you, my brother,
 Sent to me that fatal dart:
 Brother fighting against brother,
 'Tis well—'tis well that thus we part.

CHORUS.

Write a letter to my mother,
 Send it when her boy is dead:
 That he perished by his brother's
 Not a word of that be said!

Father is fighting for the Union,
 And you may meet him on the field:
 Could you raise your arm to smite him?
 Oh! could you bid that father yield!
 He who loved us in our childhood,
 Taught the infant prayers we said!
 Brother, take from me a warning,
 I'll soon be numbered with the dead.
 Write a letter, &c.

Do you ever think of mother,
 In our home within the glen,
 Watching, praying for her children?
 Oh! would you see that home again?
 Brother, I am surely dying,
 Keep the secret—for, 'tis one,
 That would kill our angel mother,
 If she but knew what you had done!
 Write a letter, &c.

MOTHER KISSED ME IN MY DREAM. 89

A young soldier who was severely wounded at the battle of Antietam, lay at one of the hospitals at Frederick. A surgeon passing by his bed-side, and seeing his boyish face lighted up with a peaceful smile, asked him how he felt. "Oh! I am happy and contented now," the soldier replied; "last night, mother kissed me in my dream!

Lying on my dying bed,
Through the dark and silent night,
Praying for the coming day,
Came a vision to my sight;
Near me stood the forms I loved,
In the sunlight's mellow gleam;
Folding me unto her breast,
Mother kissed me in my dream;
Mother, Mother,
Mother kissed me in my dream!

Comrades, tell her, when you write,
That I did my duty well,
Say that, when the battle raged,
Fighting in the van I fell,
Tell her, too, when on my bed
Slowly ebb'd my being's stream,
How I knew no peace until
Mother kissed me in my dream!
Mother, mother, &c.

Once again I long to see
Home and kindred far away;
But I feel I shall be gone
Ere there dawns another day!
Hopefully I bide the hour
When will fade life's feeble beam,
Ev'ry pang has left me now.
Mother kissed me in my dream!
Mother, mother, &c.

Just before the battle, Mother,
 I'm thinking most of you,
 While, upon the field, we're watching,
 With the enemy in view.
 Comrades brave are round me lying,
 Filled with thoughts of home and God;
 For, well they know that, on the morrow,
 Some may sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS.

Farewell! Mother, you may never
 Press me to your heart again,
 But oh! you'll not forget me, Mother,
 If I'm numbered with the slain!

Oh! I long to see you, Mother,
 And the loving ones at home:
 But I'll never leave our Banner,
 Till in honor I can come.
 Tell the traitors, all around you,
 That their cruel words, we know,
 In ev'ry battle kill our soldiers,
 By the help they give the foe.

Farewell! Mother, &c.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding:
 'Tis the signal for the fight,
 Now may God protect us, Mother,
 As he ever does the right!
 Hear the "Battle-cry of Freedom,"
 How it swells upon the air!
 Oh! yes, we'll rally round our Standard,
 Or we'll perish nobly there!

Farewell! Mother, &c.

Still upon the field of battle
 I am lying, mother dear,
 With my wounded comrades, waiting
 For the morning to appear.
 Many sleep to waken never
 In this world of strife and death;
 And many more are faintly calling,
 With their feeble dying breath.

CHORUS.

Mother dear, your boy is wounded,
 And the night is drear with pain;
 But still I feel that I shall see you,
 And the dear old home again.

Oh! the first great charge was fearful!
 And a thousand brave men fell,
 Still, amid the dreadful carnage,
 I was safe from shot and shell;
 So, amid the fatal shower,
 I had nearly passed the day,
 When, here, the dreaded Minnie struck me,
 And I sunk amid the fray!

Mother dear, &c.

Oh! the glorious cheer of triumph,
 When the foemen turned and fled,
 Leaving us the field of battle,
 Strewn with dying and with dead!
 Oh! the torture and the anguish
 That I could not follow on;
 But, here amid my fallen comrades,
 I must wait till morning's dawn.

Mother dear, &c.

"STAND BY THE FLAG."

Each day an extra blow.
 Repudiate—we scorn the word,
 And those who use it too;
 We are not knaves or bankrupts yet,
 Nor are the Boys in Blue.

Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

Haste, loyal men, fill up your ranks,
 Bring every soldier out;
 This struggle ought to be our last,
 And give the final rout.
 But, lo, they come! a sea of men!
 Impatient for the fray;
 They come! they come! in throngs so vast,
 Our work shall seem but play.

Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

"STAND BY THE FLAG."

Words by JNO N. WILDER, Esq.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.

Music of this Song published in the **RADICAL DRUM-CALL.**

Stand by the flag, its folds have streamed in glory;
 To foes a fear, to friend a festal robe,
 And spread in rhythmic lines the sacred story,
 Of Freedom's triumphs over all the globe.
 Stand by the flag, on land and ocean billow;
 By it your fathers stood unmoved and true,
 Living defended, dying, from their pillow,
 With their last blessings passed it on to you.

Stand by the flag, though death-shots round it rattle
 And underneath its waving folds have met,
 In all the dread array of sanguine battle,
 The quiv'ring lance and glitt'ring bayonet.
 Stand by the flag, all doubt and treason scorning,
 Believe with courage firm, and faith sublime,
 That it will float until th' eternal morning
 Pales in its glories all the lights of time.

AND SO WILL THE BOYS IN BLUE. 93

Poetry and Music By E. W. LOCKE.

The bugle call rings loud and clear,
And loud the rolling drum;
Our comrades haste to seek their posts,
The time for work has come;
The beacon fires burn bright again,
They flash on every hill;
From sea to sea the shout goes up,
We march to victory still!

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah! for our noble cause!
Hurrah for our leaders true!
We'll stand by the men who stood by the flag
And so will the Boys in Blue.
And so will we all, and so will we all,
Our pledge we now renew;
We'll strike once more for the cause we love,
And so will the Boys in Blue!

Through gloomy years of bloody strife,
We've battled side by side;
With brave, true hearts and sinewy arms
We've stemmed each fiery tide.
Eternal Justice nerv'd us then,
And gave the conquering will;
With hearts aflame, and God our trust,
We strike for Justice still.

Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

Our motto, Equal rights to all;
The ballot shall be free;
Who stakes his life to save the flag
May vote with you and me.
We'll ask him not his birth or kin,
Or prate about his hue,
But every man unstained with crime
May vote with Boys in Blue.

Hurrah, hurrah, &c

We'll keep the nation's sacred pledge,
Pay every dime we owe;
Each loyal arm will gladly strike

KISS ME AS OF OLD, MOTHER.

On the field of battle, mother,
 All the night alone I lay,
 Angels watching o'er me, mother,
 'Till the breaking of the day;
 I lay thinking of you, mother,
 And the loving ones at home,
 'Till to our dear cottage, mother,
 Boy again I seemed to come.

CHORUS.

Kiss for me my brother, sister,
 When I sleep deep in the grave,
 Till I died true to my country—
 Her honor tried to save.

I must soon be going, mother,
 Going to the home of rest;
 Kiss me as of old, mother,
 Press me nearer to your breast;
 Would I could repay you, mother,
 For your faithful love and care,
 God uphold and bless you, mother,
 In this bitter wee you bear.

Kiss for me, etc.

I'VE COME HOME TO DIE.

Dear mother, I remember well
 The parting kiss you gave to me,
 When merry rang the village bell,
 My heart was full of joy and glee.
 I did not deem that one short year,
 Would crush the hopes that soared so high;
 Oh! mother dear, draw near to me,
 Dear mother, I've come home to die.

CHORUS.

Call sister, brother to my side,
 And take your soldier's last good-bye;
 Oh! mother, dear, draw near to me,
 Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Dear mother, sister, brother, all.
 One parting kiss—to all good-bye;
 Weep not, but clasp your hands in mine,
 And let me like a soldier die!
 I've met the foe upon the field,
 Where kindred fiercely did defy.
 I fought for right—God bless our flag!
 Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Call sister, etc.

I am dying, comrades, dying
 As you bear me, lightly tread;
 Soon, ah, soon, I shall be lying
 With the silent, sleeping dead!
 I am dying, comrades, dying,
 Still the battle rages near;
 Tell me, are our foes a flying?
 I die happy, Mother dear!

CHORUS.

Tell my Mother I die happy,
 That for me she must not weep;
 Tell her how I long to kiss her,
 Ere I sunk in death to sleep!

I am going, comrades, going;
 See how damp my forehead's now;
 Oh, I see the Angels coming,
 With bright garlands for my brow
 Bear this message to my Mother:
 How in death that God was near,
 He to bless and to support me;
 I die happy, Mother dear!

Tell my Mother, &c.

Lay me, comrades, 'neath the willow,
 That grows on the distant shore;
 Wrap the Starry Flag around me,
 I would press its folds once more;
 Let the cold earth be my pillow,
 And the Stars and Stripes my shroud;
 Soon, oh! soon, I shall be marching
 Amid the Heavenly Crowd!

Tell my Mother, &c.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him ;
 There will be one vacant chair ;
We shall linger to caress him,
 While we breathe our evening prayer. **1**
When, a year ago, we gathered,
 Joy was in his mild blue eye ;
But a golden cord is severed,
 And our hopes in ruins lie.

CHORUS.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him ;
 There will be one vacant chair ;
We shall linger to caress him,
 When we breathe our evening prayer.

At our fireside, sad and lonely,
 Often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story
 How our noble Willie fell ;
How he strove to bear our banner
 Through the thickest of the fight,
And upheld our country's honor,
 In the strength of manhood's might.

We shall meet, &c

True, they tell us wreaths of glory
 Ever more will deck his brow ;
But this soothes the anguish only,
 Sweeping o'er our heart strings now.
Sleep to-day, O early fallen !
 In thy green and narrow bed ;
Dirges from the pine and cypress
 Mingle with the tears we shed.

We shall meet, &c

DEAR MOTHER I'VE COME TO DIE 97

Words by E. BOWERS.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.

Dear Mother, I remember well
The parting kiss you gave to me,
When merry rang the village bell;
My heart was full of joy and glee;
I did not dream that one short year,
Would crush the hopes that soar'd so high!
Oh! Mother dear, draw near to me,
Dear Mother, I've come home to die.

CHORUS.

Call sister, brother, to my side,
And take your Soldier's last Good-bye,
Oh! Mother dear, draw near to me,
Dear mother, I've come home to die.

Hark! Mother, 'tis the village bell,
I can no longer with you stay:
My Country calls, to arms! to arms!
The foe advance in fierce array!
The vision's past, I feel that now,
For Country I can only sigh;
Oh! Mother dear, draw near to me,
Dear Mother, I've come home to die.

Call sister, brother, &c.

Dear Mother, Sister, Brother, all,
One parting kiss to all: Good-bye!
Weep not! but clasp your hand in mine,
And let me like a soldier die!
I've met the foe upon the field,
Where kindred fiercely did defy,
I fought for right, God bless the Flag!
Dear, Mother I've come home to die!
Call sister, brother, &c.

THE BOLD ZOUAVES.**1. SOLO.**

Gaily the bold Zouaves
Dash o'er the plain,
Bearing down the enemy,
Not fearing death or pain.

CHORUS.

Hail to the bold Zouaves,
Who ne'er from danger fly;
Bold Zouaves ! bold Zouaves !
They conquer or die.

2. SOLO.

Rough is the soldier's life,
Hard oft his fare ;
Yet in the deadly strife,
There's nought he will not dare.

CHORUS.

Hail to the soldiers brave,
Who ne'er from danger fly—
Soldiers brave ! soldiers brave !
They conquer or die,

3. SOLO.

Peaceful, at dead of night,
Of home soldiers dream.
They sleep till, in morn's grey light,
Watch-fires cease to gleam.

CHORUS.

Rouse ! rouse ! drum-beat alarms,
Fresh dangers ever nigh—
To arms ! to arms ! To arms ! to arms !
To conquer, or die.

4. SEMI-CHORUS.

Forward, march ! your country calls,
Where cannons roar—
Fear not, though rifle-balls
Like hail-storm pour.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

Shout ! shout, for victory ;
From danger never fly—
Fair Freedom's sons can only say,
We conquer or die.

5. SOLO.

Glorious the warrior's crown,
When the victory's gained—
When he lays his armor down,
The Stars and Stripes maintained.

CHORUS.

Hail ! though with many scars,
Mid mad Rebellion's cry—
Our nation's Flag ! the Stripes and Stars !
That Flag shall never die !

Heavily falls the rain,
 Wild are the breezes to-night;
 But 'neath the roof the hours, as they fly,
 Are happy and calm and bright;
 Gathering round the fire-side,
 Though it be summer time,
 We sit and talk of brothers abroad,
 Forgetting the midnight chime.

CHORUS.

Brave boys are they,
 Gone at their country's call;
 And yet, and yet we cannot forget
 That many brave boys must fall.

Under the homestead roof,
 Nestled so cosy and warm,
 While soldiers sleep with little or naught
 To shelter them from the storm,
 Resting on grassy couches,
 Pillowed on hillocks damp;
 Of martial fare how little we know,
 Till brothers are in the camp!
 Gone at their country's call, &c.

Thinking no less of them,
 Loving our country the more,
 We sent them forth to fight for the Flag,
 Their Fathers before them bore,
 Though the great tear-drops started,
 This was our parting trust;
 God bless you! boys: we'll welcome you home.
 When rebels are in dust.
 Gone at their country's call, &c.

May the bright wings of love
 Guard them wherever they roam.
 The time has come when brothers must fight,
 And sisters must pray at home.
 Oh! the dread field of battle—
 Soon to be strewn with graves!
 If brothers fall, then bury them where
 Our banner in triumph waves!
 Gone at their country's call, &c.

Yonder comes a weary soldier,
 With falt'ring steps across the moor;
 Mem'ries of the past steal o'er me:
 He totters to the cottage-door.
 Look! my heart can not deceive me:
 'Tis one we deemed on earth no more,
 Call Mother, haste, do not tarry,
 For, Brother's fainting at the door.

CHORUS.

Kindly greet the weary soldier,
 Words of comfort may restore,
 You may have an absent Brother,
 Fainting at a stranger's door.

Tell us, Brother, of the battle,
 Why you were numbered with the slain;
 We, who thought you lost forever,
 Now clasp you to our arms again;
 Oh! may others share the blessing,
 Which Heaven kindly keeps in store:
 May they meet their absent loved ones,
 Ay, e'en though fainting at the door!
 Kindly greet, &c

I was wounded and a pris'ner,
 Our ranks were broken, forced to fly,
 Thrown within a gloomy dungeon,
 Away from friends, alone to die.
 Still the hope was strong within me,
 A cherished hope that would restore:
 I have lived, by Heaven's blessing,
 To meet my loved ones at the door.

Kindly greet, &c.

We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more ;
From Mississippi's winding stream,
And from New England's shore.
We leave our ploughs and workshops,
Our wives and children dear ;
With hearts too full of utterance,
With but a silent tear.
We dare not look behind us,
But steadfastly before—
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more !

CHORUS.

We are coming, we are coming,
Our Union to restore ;
We are coming, Father Abraham,
With three hundred thousand more.

If you look across the hill-tops,
That meet the Northern sky ;
Long moving lines of rising dust,
Your vision may descry.
And now the wind, an instant,
Tears the cloudy veil aside ;
And floats aloft our spangled flag,
In glory and in pride.
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam,
And bands brave music pour—
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more.

We are coming, &c.

If you look all up our valleys,
Where the growing harvests shine;
You may see our sturdy farmer boys,
Fast forming into line,
And children from their mother's knees,
Are pulling at the weeds;
And learning how to reap and sow,
Against their country's needs.
And a farewell group stands weeping
At every cottage door—
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more!

We are coming, &c.

You have called us, and we're coming,
By Richmond's bloody tide;
To lay us down for freedom's sake,
Our brothers' bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage group
To wrench the murderous blade;
And in the face of foreign foes,
Its fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men,
And true, have gone before—
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more!

We are coming, &c.

THE RATAPLAN.

What a charm has the drum with its tan-a-ran-tan,
 When we march to the gay parade !
 O, the music we love is the bold rataplan,
 And the rubadub merrily play'd.
 Every heart is inspired by its magical sound,
 There's a soul in the stirring drum,
And there is not a voice while its echoes rebound,
But would cry "Let the enemy come."

CHORUS.

So merrily, O !
 So cheerily, O !
 So merrily march away,
 Rataplan ! rataplan ! rataplan ! rataplan !
 March away while we may,
 'Tis a gay gala day,
 And our banners are flaunting high,
 In the sun sword and gun flash around every one ;
 With a glance just as bright as the sky.

To the field when we march, how the tan-a-ran-tan
 Makes the heart of the soldier glow !
 Let him hear but the roll of the bold rataplan,
 And how gallantly forward he'll go !
 When the battle is done,
 And the victory won,
 Still the sound of the rolling drum
 Sends its echoes afar,
 From the red field of war,
 To the dear friends who welcome us home.

Then merrily, &c

KISS ME, MOTHER, KISS YOUR DARLING. 105

Words by Letta C. Lord.

Music by G. F. Root

Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling,
Lean my head upon your breast,
Fold your loving arms around me,
I am weary, let me rest.
Scenes of life are swiftly fading,
Brighter seems the other shore:
I am standing by the river,
Angels wait to waft me o'er.

CHORUS.

Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
Lean my head upon your breast,
Fold your loving arms around me,
I am weary, let me rest.

Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling,
Breathe a blessing on my brow:
For, I'll soon be with the Angels,
Fainter grows my breath e'en now.
Tell the loved ones not to murmur;
Say I died our Flag to save,
And that I shall slumber sweetly
In the soldier's honored grave.

Kiss me, mother, &c.

Oh! how dark this world is growing,
Hark! I hear the Angel Band,
How I long to join their number
In that fair and happy land!
Hear you not that heavenly mus'c,
Floating near so soft and low?
I must leave you—farewell, mother!
Kiss me once before I go.

Kiss me mother, &c.

ELLSWORTH'S AVENGERS.

AIR:—"Annie Lisle."

Down where the patriot army,
Near Potomac's side;
Guards the glorious cause of freedom,
Gallant Ellsworth died.
Brave was the noble chieftain;
At his country's call,
Hastened to the field of battle,
And was first to fall!

CHORUS.

Strike, freemen for the Union!
Sheath your swords no more;
While remains in arms a traitor,
On Columbia's shore!

Entering the traitor city,
With his soldiers true;
Leading up the Zouave columns,
Fixed became his view.
See: that rebel flag is floating
O'er yon building tall;
Spoke he, while his dark eye glistened,
Boys, that flag must fall!

Strike, Freemen, &c.

Quickly, from its proud position,
That base flag was torn;
Trampled 'neath the feet of Freemen,
Circling Ellsworth's form.
See him bear it down the landing,
Past the traitor's door;
Hear him groan: Oh! God, they've shot him!
Ellsworth is no more.

Strike, Freemen, &c.

First to fall, thou youthful martyr,
Hapless was thy fate;
Hastened we, as thy avengers,
From thy native State.
Speed we on, from town and city,
Not for wealth or fame;
But because we love the Union,
And our Ellsworth's name.

Strike, Freemen, &c.

Traitor's hands shall never sunder
That for which you died;
Hear the oath our lips now utter,
Thou, our nation's pride.
By our hopes of yon bright heaven!
By the land we love!
By the God who reigns above us!
We'll avenge thy blood.

Strike, Freemen, &c.

Our Jimmy has gone for to live in a tent,
They have grafted him into the army;
He finally puckered up courage and went,
When they grafted him into the army.
I told them the child was too young: alas!
At the Captain's fore quarters, they say, he would pass,
They train'd him up well in the infantry class—
So, they grafted him into the army.

CHORUS.

O Jimmy, farewell! your brothers fell
Way down in Alabarmy;
I thought they would spare a lone widder's heir,
But they grafted him into the army.

Dressed up in his unicorn, dear little chap!
They have grafted him into the army;
It seems but a day since he sot in my lap;
But they grafted him into the army:
And these are the trousers, he used to wear—
The very same buttons—the patch and the tear—
But Uncle Sam gave him a bran new pair,
When they grafted him into the army.

O, Jimmy, farewell! &c.

Now, in my provisions I see him revealed,
They have grafted him into the army;
A picket beside the contented field,
They have grafted him into the army.
He looks kinder sickish—begins to cry,
A big volunteer standing right in his eye!
Oh! what if the ducky should up and die,
Now they've grafted him into the army.

O Jimmy, farewell, &c.

108 WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?

During one of our late battles, among many other noble fellows that fell, was a young man who had been the only support of an aged and sick mother for years. Hearing the Surgeon tell those who were near him, that he could not live, he placed his hand across his forehead and, with a trembling voice, said, while burning tears ran down his fevered cheeks: "Who will care for mother now?"

Why am I so weak and weary?
See how faint my heated breath,
All around to me seems darkness
Tell me, comrades, is this death?
Ah! how well I know your answer,
To my fate I meekly bow,
If you'll only tell me truly;
Who will care for mother now?

CHORUS.

Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow,
I have for my country fallen,
Who will care for mother now?

Who will comfort her in sorrow?
Who will dry the fallen tear,
Gently smooth the wrinkled forehead?
Who will whisper words of cheer?
Even now I think I see her,
Kneeling praying for me! how,
Can I leave her in her anguish?
Who will care for mother now?

Soon with angels, &c.

Let this knapsack be my pillow,
And my mantle be the sky;
Hasten, comrades, to the battle,
I will like a soldier die.
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow;
I have for my Country fallen,
Who will care for mother now?

Soon with angels, &c.

GOD WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW 109

AIR:—"Who will care for Mother now."

Weep no more, O nobly fallen !
Banish sorrow from thy heart ;
Hark ! the angels, round thee hov'ring,
Words of peace and joy impart.
See ! they bid you join their number,
Wreath bright laurels round thy brow,
Murm'ring softly as they crown thee :
God will care for mother now.

CHORUS.

Weep no more, O nobly fallen !
Let not sorrow cloud thy brow ;
Holy Angels round thee whisper :
God will care for mother now.

When that mother, sad and lonely,
Mourns her loved and cherished one,
When in agony she murmurs :
Give me back my darling son !
When she's crushed and bowed with trouble,
And her heart is filled with fears ;
Then, the angels sweetly whisper :
God will wipe away her tears.

Weep no more, &c.

Oh ! how sweet those words of comfort
To the dying soldier's ear !
Who so anxiously is asking :
"Who will cherish mother here,
When I reach that land of glory,
And before my Maker bow ?"
Sweetly comes the whispered answer :
God will care for mother now.

Weep no more, &c.

On the 30th day of May, 1868, with one accord, the loyal people of the Union visited the graves of the dead Union soldiers and strewed them with flowers.

The following beautiful poem expressing so gracefully and tenderly, the feelings connected with the day with it commemorates, is from the pen of Gen. Charles C. Van Zandt :

May 30th, 1868.

With tolling bells, and booming guns;
And muffled drum-beat's throb,
With heavy step and shrouded flags,
Each half drawn breath a sob.

The solemn Army marches through
The quiet listening town;
To deck with memory's flowery stars,
The green turned up with brown.

The little mounds of dew wet grass;
The chiselled blocks of stone,—
Where soldiers rest, where heroes sleep,
Wrapped in the flag—alone!

Ho! comrade with the single arm,
Give me a wreath of green
To hang upon this snowy slab,
The rain drops silvery sheen.

Upon its glossy laurel leaves
Are tears our Mother weeps—
Now some Immortelles for a crown
For here our General sleeps.

This is a very little mound,
He was so young to die,—
Give me some Rose-buds and those sprigs
Of fragrant Rosemary.

Now brother with the shattered leg,
 Hand me those Hyacinths blue,
 To place upon this grassy hill,
 For he was always true.
 White, sunrise-flushed Arbutus buds,
 Are just the very things,
 To sweetly serve the drummer boy,
 He sleeps in life's young spring.
 That Passion flower of glorious bloom
 Like Him who died to save;
 With these white Lillies, stainless, sweet,
 Rest on the Chaplain's grave.
 Those bright Verbenas' perfect red,
 These valley lillies white,
 Those blue-bells and forget-me-nots,
 These Daisies starred with bright.
 Have gathered from the rainbow tints
 Old Glory's stripes and gold—
 Her Color Sergeant's grave shall bear,
 These fruits of wounds untold.
 Lavender and Cassia,
 Of each a little spray—
 He was a Christian, and he loved
 To teach his men to pray.
 This man was old, full threescore years,
 When he went forth to fight,
 Bring me some Ivy's glossy leaves
 And full blown Roses white.
 Some scarlet holly berries here,
 And mistletoe's green spray,
 This soldier fell in the wild fight
 We had on Christmas day.
 A branch of that sweet Orange bloom
 And one red flower—the tide
 Of his young life poured out and left
 A broken hearted bride.
 Scatter the flowers we bear, around
 The white tents of the dead,
 The night comes down, the day is done
 The old Flag overhead—
 Hangs silently and wearily,
 The rain falls on the sod,
 Our loved ones sleep, how well they died
 For Freedom and for God.

The blue bird is singing its lay,
 To all the sweet flowers of the dale;
 The wild bee is roaming, at play;
 And soft is the sigh of the gale;
 I stray by the brook-side, alone,
 Where oft we have wandered before,
 And weep for my loved one—my own:
 My Willie has gone to the war!

CHORUS.

Willie has gone to the war, Willie—
 Willie, my loved one—my own:
 Willie has gone to the war, Willie—
 Willie, my loved one, has gone.

It was there, where the lily-bells grow,
 That I last saw his noble young face;
 But now he has gone to the foe—
 Oh! dearly I love the old place!
 The whispering waters repeat
 The name that I love, o'er and o'er,
 And daisies, that nod at my feet,
 Say: Willie has gone to the war!

Willie has gone, &c.

The leaves of the forest will fade,
 The roses will wither and die,
 And Spring to our home in the glade,
 On fairy-like pinions, will fly:
 But still I will hopefully wait,
 Till the day when those battles are o'er;
 And pine like a bird for its mate,
 Till Willie, comes home from the war.

Willie has gone, &c.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA. 113

By permission of Root and Cary.

Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another song—
Sing it with that spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.

"Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!"
So we sing the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Hurrah, hurrah! &c.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking off in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Hurrah, hurrah! &c.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas, to reckon with the host,
While we marching through Georgia.

Hurrah, hurrah! &c.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Hurrah, hurrah! &c.

But the march is not yet finished, nor will we yet disband,
While still a trace of treason remains to curse the land,
Or any foe against the flag uplifts a threatening hand,
For we've been marching through Georgia.

Hurrah, hurrah! &c.

When Right is in the White House and Wisdom in her seat
The reconstructed Senators and Congress men to greet,
Why then we may stop marching, and rest our weary feet,
For we've been marching through Georgia.

Hurrah, hurrah! &c.

IT'S ALL UP IN DIXIE.

Words and music by HENRY TUCKER.

This cruel war is almost done,

Poor old Jeff.

The game you've lost and Abe has won,

Poor old Jeff.

You'd better just throw up the thing,

And take what's call'd "leg bail,"

For if you're caught you're bound to swing,

Poor old Jeff.

CHORUS.

"It's all up in Dixie!"

"It's all up in Dixie!"

The Jig is up in Dixie's Land!

LET UNION STAND FOREVER!!

You thought in Broadway grass would grow,

Poor old Jeff.

I think you find it is no go,

Poor old Jeff.

When sugar grows on cherry trees,

And rivers turn to rum,

The grass may grow where'er you please,

Poor old Jeff.

"It's all up in Dixie," &c.

You've often boasted how you'd fight,

Poor old Jeff.

But that "last ditch" don't turn out right,

[1]

Poor old Jeff.

You'll find that fighting for the rag,

You once so proudly flew,

"Hold fast a better dog than Bragg,"

Poor old Jeff.

"It's all up in Dixie," &c.

Four precious Knaves are in each pack,

Poor old Jeff.

You've had some four score at your back,

Poor old Jeff.

But knaves don't always win the same,

You'll find it out to your cost

Old Uncle Sam holds "High, Low, Game,"

Poor old Jeff.

"It's all up in Dixie," &c.

Your boys have sometimes nobly fought,

Poor old Jeff.

When bread and beef you stole or bought,

Poor old Jeff.

But brave or not, your hungry band,

Will learn, I fear, too late,

That RIGHT with MIGHT must rule this land,

Poor old Jeff.

"It's all up in Dixie," &c.

Composed by A. J. H. DUGANNE,

Hurrah! for Pennsylvania!
She's blazing up at last!
Like a red furnace, molten
With Freedom's rushing blast!
From all her mines the war light shines,
And out of her iron hills,
The glorious fire leaps higher and higher,
Till all the land it fills.
From valley green and mountains blue
Her yeomanry arouse!
And leave their forges burning,
And the oxen at their ploughs:
And spring up from highland and headland,
And muster in forest and plain,
By the blaze of their fiery beacons,
In the land of Antony Wayne.

Hurrah! for Pennsylvania!
Her sons are clasping hands
Down from the Alleghanies,
And up from Jersey's sands,
Juniata fair to the Delaware,
Is winding her bugle bars;
And the Susquehanna, like war-like banner,
Is bright with Stripes and Stars;
And the hunter scours his rifle,
And the boatman grinds his knife,
And the lover leaves his sweetheart,
And the husband leaves his wife;
And the women go out in the harvest,
To gather the golden grain,
While the bearded men are marching,
In the land of Anthony Wayne."

Hurrah; for Pennsylvania!
Through every vale and glen,
Beating, like resolute pulses,
She feels the tread of men;
From Erin's lake her legions break—
From Tuscarora's gorge;
And with ringing shout they are tramping out
From brave old Valley Forge;
And up from the plains of Paoli
The minute men march once more;
And they carry the swords of their fathers,
And the flags their fathers bore;
And they swear, as they rush to battle,
That never shall cowardly stain

THE RISING OF PENNSYLVANIA. [CONCLUDED.] 117

Dishonor a blade or banner in the land of Anthony Wayne.

Hurrah ! for Pennsylvania !
She fears no traitor hordes ;
Bulwarked, on all her borders,
By loyal souls and swords
From Delaware's strand to Maryland,
And bright Ohio's marge,
Every freeman's hand is her battle brand
Every freeman's heart her targe ;
And she stands, like her Delaware Breakwater,
In fierce Rebellion's path,
To shiver its angry surges,
And baffle its frantic wrath,
And the tide of Slavery's Treason
Shall dash on her in vain—

Rolling back from the ramparts of Freedom—The land of Anthony Wayne.

Hurrah ! for Pennsylvania !
We hear her sounding call—
Ringing out Liberty's summons
From Independence Hall !
That tocsin rang, with iron clang,
In the Revolution's hour,
And 'tis ringing again, through the hearts of the men,
With a terrible glory and power ;
And all the People hear it—
That mandate old and grand ;
"Proclaim to the uttermost nation
That Liberty rules the land !" 1
And all the people chant it—
That brave and loyal strain—

On the borders of Pennsylvania, the land of Anthony Wayne !

Hurrah ! for Pennsylvania !
And let her soldiers march
Under the arch of Triumph—
The Union's star-lit Arch !
With banners proud and trumpets loud,
They come from border fray—
From the battle-fields, where hearts were shields,
To bar the Invader's way !
Hurrah ! for Pennsylvania !
Her soldiers well may march
Beneath her ancient banner—
The Keystone of our Arch !
And all the mighty Northland
Will swell the triumph rain—

From the land of Pennsylvania, the land of Anthony Wayne !

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!**The Prisoner's Hope.**

In the prison-cell I sit,
 Thinking, Mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home, so far away.
 And the tears they fill my eyes,
 Spite of all that I can do,
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are marching,
 Cheer up! comrades, they will come,
And beneath the Starry Flag,
 We shall breathe the air again,
 Of the Free-land in our own beloved home.

In the battle-front we stood,
 When their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off, a hundred men or more;
 But, before we reached their lines,
 They were beaten back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of Vict'ry, o'er and o'er.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! &c.

So, within the prison-cell,
 We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door;
 And the hollow eye grows bright,
 And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends, once more

Tramp, tramp, tramp! &c.

A SEQUEL TO "TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP."

Oh! the day it came at last
 When the glorious tramp was heard,
 And the boys came marching fifty thousand strong,
 And we grasped each other's hands,
 Though we muttered not a word,
 As the booming of our cannon rolled along.

CHORUS.

On, on, on, the boys came marching,
 Like a grand majestic sea;
 And they dashed away the guard from the heavy iron door,
 And we stood beneath the starry banner free.

Oh! the feeblest heart grew strong,
 And the most despondent sure,
 When we heard the thrilling sounds we loved so well,
 For we knew that want and woe
 We no longer should endure,
 When the hosts of freedom reached our prison cell.

CHORUS.

On, on, on, the boys came marching,
 Like a grand majestic sea;
 And they dashed away the guard from the heavy iron door,
 And we stood beneath the starry banner free.

Oh! the war is over now,
 And we're safe at home again,
 And the cause we've fought and suffered for is won;
 But we never can forget,
 'Mid our woes and 'mid our pain,
 How the glorious Union boys came tramping on.

CHORUS.

Yes, yes, yes, the boys came marching,
 Like a grand majestic sea;
 And they dashed away the guard from the heavy iron door,
 And we stood beneath the starry banner free.

Oh, 'twas Grant who led them on
 When they came to set us free,
 And we glory in the sound of his dear name,
 That has dear and dearer grown
 To the ears of such as we,
 Since to let us out of prison down he came.

CHORUS.

Grant and the boys came onward marching,
 Like a grand majestic sea,
 And they dashed away the guard from the heavy iron door,
 And we stood beneath the starry banner free.

PARODY ON LORD LOVELL.

Lord Love! he sat in St. Charles' Hotel,

In St. Charles' Hotel sat he ;

As fine a case of a Southern swell,

As ever you'd wish to see—see—see,

As ever you'd wish to see.

Lord Lovell the town had vowed to defend,

A waving his sword on high ;

He swore that his last ounce of powder he'd spend

And in the last ditch he'd die.

He swore by black and he swore by blue,

He swore by the stars and the bars ;

That never he'd fly from a Yankee crew,

While he was a son of Mars

He had fifty thousand gallant men,

Fifty thousand men had he ;

Who had all sworn with him that they'd never surrender

To anyarnation Yankee.

He had forts no Yankee alive could take,

And had iron-clad boats a score ;

And batteries all around the lake,

And along the river shore,

Sir Farragut came with a mighty fleet,

With a mighty fleet came he ;

And **Lord Lovell** instantaner began to retreat

Before the first boat he could see.

Oh ! tarry, **Lord Lovell**, **Sir Farragut** cried,

Oh ! tarry, **Lord Lovell**, said he ;

I rather think not, **Lord Lovell** replied,

For, I'm in a great hurry.

I like the drinks at the St. Charles' Hotel,

But I never could bear strong Porter :

Especially when it's served on the shell.

Or mixed in an iron mortar.

I reckon you're right, **Sir Farragut** said :

I reckon you're right, said he :

For, if my Porter should fly to your head,

A terrible smash there'd be.

Oh ! a wonder it was to see them run,

A wonderful thing to see !

And the Yankees sailed up without firing a gun,

And captured their great citie.

.....

Lord Lovell kept running all day and night,

Lord Lovell a running kept he :

For, he swore he couldn't abide the sight

Of the gun of a live Yankee.

When **Lord Lovell's** life was brought to a close,

By a sharp-shooting Yankee gunner :

From his head there sprouted a red, red nose,

From his feet a—Scarlet Runner.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC. 121

AIR.—"Glory Hallelujah."

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
stored;
He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory ! glory ! Hallelujah !
Glory ! glory ! Hallelujah !
Glory ! glory ! Hallelujah !
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch fire of a hundred circling camps ;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps.
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps ;
His day is marching on.

Glory ! glory ! Hallelujah, &c.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall
deal ;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel
Since God is marching on."

Glory ! glory ! Hallelujah ! &c.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat !
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat.
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant, my feet !
Our God is marching on.

Glory ! glory ! Hallelujah ! &c.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me ;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Glory ! glory ! Hallelujah ! &c.

MARCHING ALONG.

By permission of Wm. A. Pond, & Co.

The army is gathering from near and from far ;
The trumpet is sounding the call for the war ;
A brave man's our leader, he's gallant and strong,
We'll gird on our armor, and be marching along.

CHORUS.

Marching along, we are marching along,
Gird on the armor and be marching along ;
A brave man's our leader, he's gallant and strong ;
For Grant and for Colfax, we're marching along !

The foe is before us, in battle array ;
But let us not waver, or turn from the way.
The Lord is our strength, and the Union's our song ;
With courage and faith, we are marching along.

Marching along, &c,

We sigh for our Country, we mourn for our dead :
For them, now, we hope the last blood has been shed ;
Our cause is the right one : our foe's in the wrong ;
Then gladly we'll sing as we're marching along !

Marching along, &c.

The flag of our country is floating on high ;
We'll stand by that Flag, till we conquer or die !
A brave man's our leader, he's gallant and strong ;
We'll gird on our armor, and be marching along !

Marching along, &c.

Our Country has called her brave sons to the field ;
To false-hearted traitors she never must yield ;
Then forward true soldiers, let this be our song ;
To conquer or die ! we are marching along !

CHORUS.

Marching along, we are marching along,
The Union to save we are marching along !
Let traitors beware ! for there's death in our song
To conquer or die ! we are marching along !

Tho' strewn be our path with the dying and dead ;
Tho' to battle, through rivers of blood, we are led ;
Our hearts will be firm, and our courage be strong ;
For God is our guide, as we're marching along !
Marching along, &c

Near the graves where our comrades lie sleeping in death,
We soon for our country may yield our last breath ;
We'll fight till we die ! let our flag but still wave !
For a bright ray of glory will hallow each grave !
Marching along, &c

Then, on let us march ! boys—on, to the fight !
Success must be ours, since our cause is the right ;
Three cheers for our flag, and three cheers for our song ;
To conquer or die ! we are marching along !
Marching along, &c.

The rebel thieves were sure of thee,
Maryland, our Maryland !
And boasted they would welcome be,
Maryland, our Maryland !
But now they turn and now they flee,
With Stone-wall Jackson and with Lee,
And loyal souls once more are free !

Maryland, our Maryland !

With plundered guns and stolen swords,
Maryland, our Maryland !
On thee they came in ruffian hordes,
Maryland, our Maryland !
With raving oaths and roaring words,
And pirate's knives and hangman's cords,
They swarmed across the border fords,

Maryland, our Maryland !

Through passways of the mountain crags,
Maryland, our Maryland !
They bore their vile secession flags,
Maryland, our Maryland !
Like beggar troops in filthy rags,
Barefooted men, and spavined nags,
Their voices hoarse with Southern brags,

Maryland, our Maryland !

Like dogs all raving for a crumb,
Maryland, our Maryland !
They madly rushed for bread and rum,
Maryland, our Maryland !
But backward run, with voices dumb,
And drooping hands and faces glum,
They ran from Union's rolling drum,

Maryland, our Maryland !

Air:—"The Bold Soldier Boy."

O, there's no use now in sighing,
 Or crying—
 Or shying—
 For traitors are defying
 The flag we hold so dear!
 And there's not a girl we love, sir,
 Though timid as a dove, sir,
 That will not cast the glove, sir,
 When treason walks so near;
 With all her charms,
 She'll rouse to arms;
 With love's alarms—
 She cries
 Arise!
 Your country is in danger, my Bold Volunteer!
 Oh, there's work, boys, to be done,
 None may shun—
 None will run—
 There's a battle to be won
 For the land we hold so dear!
 And if one there be who'd falter,
 Or shrink from freedom's altar,
 His end may be a halter.
 His meed a felon's bier;
 Whilst far away,
 In Freedom's fray,
 We'll win the day,
 And fly
 On high,
 The flag that's left in keeping of the Bold Volunteer
 O! we're off to meet the foemen,—
 Each yeoman
 A Roman;
 Away from the pleasant homes and
 The scenes we hold so dear;
 But the hearts we leave behind us
 In memory's ties shall bind us,
 Of kindred to remind us,
 And friendship's joys sincere;
 In battle's reel,
 'Mid clash of steel,
 And trumpet's peal,
 We'll hear,
 So clear,
 The voices that are praying for the Bold Volunteer!

And when, to drum and fife,
 From the strife,
 Full of life,
 Back to sweetheart and to wife
 We shall march with songs of cheer,
 Oh! the joys that then will meet us,
 The smiles that then will greet us,
 The lips that will entreat us,
 With kisses doubly dear!
 Such royal pay,
 On victory's day,
 Might make us pray
 For war,
 Once more,
 To call again to conflict the Bold Volunteer!

COLUMBIA RULES THE SEA.

Words by JOSIAH D. CANNING, "Peasant Bard." Music by HENRY TUCKER

The pennon flutters in the breeze,
 The anchor comes "a-peak,"
 "Let fall, sheet home," the briny foam,
 And ocean's wastes we seek
 The booming gun speaks our adieu,
 Fast fades our native shore.

CHORUS.

Columbia free, shall rule the sea,
 Britannia ruled of yore.

We go the tempest's wrath to dare,
 The billows maddened play,
 Now climbing high against the sky,
 Now rolling low away,
 While *Yankee Oak* bears Yankee hearts,
 Courageous to the core.

Columbia free, &c.

We'll bear her flag around the world,
 In thunder and in flame,
 The sea-girt isles a wreath of smiles,
 Shall form around her name,
 The winds shall pipe her peans loud,
 The billowy chorus roar.

Columbia free, &c.

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
 John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
 John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
 His soul's marching on!

CHORUS.—Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
 Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
 Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
 His soul's marching on.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord,
 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord,
 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord,
 His soul's marching on!
 Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
 Glory, Hally, Hallelujah!
 Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
 His soul's marching on!

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
 John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
 John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
 His soul's marching on!
 Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
 Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
 Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
 His soul's marching on!

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
 His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
 His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
 They go marching on!
 Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
 Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
 Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
 As they go marching on!

They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,
 They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,
 They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,
 As they go marching along!
 Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
 Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
 Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
 As they go marching along!

Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
 Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
 Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
 As we go marching on!

GLORY HALLELUJAH! NO. 2.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah !
 Glory Hally, Hallelujah !
 Glory Hally, Hallelujah !
 Hip, hip, hip, hip, Hurrah !

Our Soldiers, now, are marching to'ards the South,
 Our Soldiers, now, are marching to'ards the South,
 Our Soldiers, now, are marching to'ards the South,
 To wipe out Secession.

CHORUS.—Glory ! Glory ! Hallelujah !
 The Stars and Stripes forever wave !
 Glory ! Glory ! Hallelujah !
 The Union we shall save !

Treason, soon, will be forced to dig its grave,
 Treason, soon, will be forced to dig its grave,
 Treason, soon, will be forced to dig its grave,
 Never again to rise ! [Glory ! Glory ! &c.

The Rebels, now, are shaking with alarm,
 The Rebels, now, are shaking with alarm,
 The Rebels, now, are shaking with alarm,
 Want to be let alone ! [Glory ! Glory ! &c.

Run, Jeff, run ! if you wish to save your neck,
 Run, Jeff, run ! if you wish to save your neck,
 Run, Jeff, run ! if you wish to save your neck,
 For we are on your heels !

Glory ! Glory ! &c.
 To Friends, hope, but to traitors we'll give rope,
 To Friends, hope, but to traitors we'll give rope,
 To Friends, hope, but to traitors we'll give rope,
 A warning to mankind ! Glory ! Glory ! &c.

We've whipt them on the plain, whipt 'em on the sea,
 We've whipt them on the plain, whipt 'em on the sea,
 We've whipt them on the plain, whipt 'em on the sea,
 Victory has been ours ! [Glory ! Glory ! &c.

Then, three cheers for our noble Volunteers,
 Then, three cheers for our noble Volunteers,
 Then, three cheers for our noble Volunteers,
 And gallant Navy Blues ! [Glory ! Glory ! &c.

Again our Flag will float throughout the land,
 Again our Flag will float throughout the land,
 Again our Flag will float throughout the land,
 Triumphant, Proud and Free !

Glory ! Glory ! &c.
 United once more, may God keep us so,
 United once more, may God keep us so,
 United once more, may God keep us so,
 Forever, and for aye ! [Glory ! Glory ! &c.

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
While weep the sons of bondage, whom he ventured all to save,
But tho' he lost his life in struggling for the slave
His soul is marching on!

CHORUS.

Glory, Glory Hallelujah !
Glory, Glory Hallelujah !
Glory, Glory Hallelujah !
His soul is marching on.

John Brown was a hero undaunted, true and brave;
And Kansas knew his valor, when he fought her rights to save;
And now, though grass grows green above his grave,
His soul is marching on.

Glory, &c.

He captured Harper's ferry with his nineteen men so true,
And he frightened Old Virginy, till she trembled through
and through,
They hung him for a traitor: themselves a traitor crew;
But his soul is marching on

Glory, &c.

John Brown was John the Baptist of Christ we are to see,
Christ who of the bondman shall the Liberator be;
And soon, throughout the sunny South, the slaves shall all be
free;

For his soul is marching on.

Glory, &c.

The conflict that he heralded, he looks from Heaven to view
On the army of the Union, with his Flag, red, white, and blue,
And Heaven shall ring with anthems o'er the deed they mean
to do;

For his soul is marching on

Glory, &c.

Ye soldiers of Freedom, then strike, while strike you may,
The death-blow of oppression, in a better time and way;
For the dawn of old John Brown has brightened into day,
And his soul is marching on.

Glory, &c.

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies slumbering in the grave,
But John Brown's soul is marching with the brave,
His soul is marching on.

Glory, &c.

He has gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He is sworn as a private in the ranks of the Lord,
He shall stand at Armageddon with his brave old sword,
When heaven is marching on.

Glory, &c.

He shall file in front when the lines of battle form,
He shall face to front when the squares of battle form,
Time with the column and charge with the storm,
When men are marching on.

Glory, &c.

Ah! foul tyrants do ye hear him as he comes?
Ah! foul traitors do you know him as he comes,
In the thunder of the cannon and the roll of the drums,
As we go marching on?

Glory, &c.

Men may die and moulder in the dust,
Men may die and arise again from dust,
Shoulder to shoulder in the ranks of the just,
When God is marching on.

Glory, &c.

John Brown died on a scaffold for the slave ;
 Dark was the hour when we dug his hallowed grave ;
 Now God avenges the life he gladly gave—
 Freedom reigns to-day !

CHORUS.

Glory, glory hallelujah,
 Glory, glory hallelujah,
 Glory, glory hallelujah,
 Freedom reigns to-day.

John Brown sowed and his harvesters are we :
 Honor to him who has made the bondman free !
 Loved evermore shall our noble ruler be—
 Freedom reigns to-day '

Glory, &c.

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave ;
 Bright o'er the sod, let the starry banner wave,—
 Lo ! for the millions he periled all to save,
 Freedom reigns to-day '

Glory, &c.

John Brown lives—we are gaining on our foes—
 Right shall be the victor whatever may oppose—
 Fresh, through the darkness, the wind of morning blows—
 Freedom reigns to-day !

Glory, &c.

John Brown dwells where the battle strife is o'er
 Fate cannot harm him nor sorrow stir him more ;
 Earth will remember the crown of thorns he wore,
 Freedom reigns to-day !

Glory, &c.

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave ;
 John Brown lives in the triumphs of the brave ;
 John Brown's soul not a higher joy can crave—
 Freedom reigns to-day !

Glory, &c.

132 **BUMMERS COME AND MEET US.**

AIR:—"John Brown's Song."

Freedom is our leader now, we've had our last retreat;
Freedom is our leader now, we've had our last retreat;
Freedom is our leader now, we've had our last retreat;
 We'll now go marching on.

Say, brothers, will you meet us?
Say, brothers, will you meet us?
Say, brothers, will you meet us?
 As we go marching on.

Thomas turned a *Somerset*, and gave the Rebels rats;
Thomas turned a *Somerset*, and gave the Rebels rats;
Thomas turned a *Somerset*, and gave the Rebels rats;
 And sent them rolling home.

Oh, brothers, we will join him;
Oh, brothers, we will join him;
Oh, brothers, we will join him;
 And send them rolling home.

How are you, Johnny Bull, old boy? How are you, Johnny
 Bull?
How are you, Johnny Bull, old boy? How are you, Johnny
 Bull?
If you want to fight, old Roast Beef, you will get your belly
 full,
 And then go rolling home.

Oh, Johnny, don't you fight us;
Oh, Johnny, don't you fight us;
Oh, Johnny, don't you fight us;
 Or we'll send you rolling home.

We'll have a farm in Dixie, boys, and put some freemen on it;
We'll have a farm in Dixie, boys, and put some freemen on it;
We'll have a farm in Dixie, boys, and put some freemen on it;
 And then we'll simmer down.

BUMMERS COME AND MEET US.—(CONCLUDED.) 133

Oh, sisters, come and join us ;

Oh, sisters, come and join us ;

Oh, sisters, come and join us ;

Way down in Dixie's Land.

Oh, boys, we'll sip our cobbles then, and clond our Meer-
schaum pipes ;

Oh, boys, we'll sip our cobbles then, and clond our Meer-
schaum pipes ;

Oh, boys, we'll sip our cobbles then, and clond our Meer-
schaum pipes ;

Way down in Dixie's Land.

Oh, bummers oome and meet us,

Oh, bummers come and meet us,

Oh, bummers come and meet us,

Way down in Dixie's Land.

There lies the whisky-bottle empty on the shelf,

There lies the whisky-bottle empty on the shelf,

There lies the whisky-bottle empty on the shelf,

But there's some more in the Demi-John.

Oh, bummers, don't you leave us,

Oh, bummers, don't you leave us,

Oh, bummers, don't you leave us,

We'll soon go marching on.

The girls we left behind us, boys, our sweethearts at the
North,

The girls we left behind us, boys, our sweethearts at the
North,

The girls we left behind us, boys, our sweethearts at the
North,

Smile on us as we march.

Oh, sweethearts, don't forget us,

Oh, sweethearts, don't forget us,

Oh, sweethearts, don't forget us,

We'll soon come marching home.

134 A UNION SHIP AND A UNION CREW.

AIR—"A Yankee Ship."

A UNION Ship and a Union Crew,
Tally hi ho, you know !
O, her flag is the flag of the red, white and blue,
With the stars aloft and alow ;
Her sails are spread for the Northern breeze,
And she dashes the spray from her prow,
For her flag is the proudest that floats o'er the seas,
And 'tis shining the loveliest now !

O, a Union Ship, &c.

A Union Ship and a Union Crew,
Tally hi ho, you know !
Every man aboard is a patriot true,
Whether placed aloft or alow ;
Though the blackening sky and the whistling wind
Are foretelling a Southern gale,
Not a lubber you'll see, not a skulker you'll find,
For the cry is, "on deck there ! a sail !"
There are pirates astern, but we'll give them a shot—
To the guns, aloft and alow !

A Union Ship, &c.

A Union Ship and a Union Crew,
Tally hi ho, you know !
To the soil of Freedom we'll ever prove true—
Brave hearts aloft and alow !
Bearing down, comes the Rebel-ship, fierce with pride,
With her yellow Pahuette outspread ;
But anon, she'll be swept from the foaming tide,
While the stars and stripes float o'erhead !
For we'll strike to no foe, while the free winds blow,
Or a man's left aloft or alow ?

A Union Ship, &c.

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM. 135

(BATTLE-SONG.)

We are marching to the field, boys, we are going to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
And we bear the glorious stars for the Union and the right.
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS.

The Union forever, Hurrah, boys, Hurrah,
Down with the traitor, up with the star,
For we're marching to the field, boys, going to the
fight,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom !

We will meet the rebel host, boys, with fearless heart and true
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.
And we'll show what Uncle Sam has for loyal men to do,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

The Union forever, &c.

If we fall amid the fray, boys, we'll face them to the last,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And our comrades brave shall hear us, as they go rushing past,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

The Union forever, &c.

Yes, for Liberty and Union we're springing to the fight,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
And the victory shall be ours, for we're rising in our might
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

The Union forever, &c.

A NEW IRISH SONG OF THE TIMES.

Words by T. L. DONNELLY. Music by EMIL STADLER.

The Music of this Song is published by E. H. HARDING, 288 Bowery
Price 10 cents.

Oh! once I could eat my fill of good meat,
And whiskey galore, I could rouse into me,
I could stroll up and down ev'ry street in this town,
With always a quarter to go on a spree.
My clothes they were good, I ne'er thought of wood,
A pick or a spade ne'er enter'd my mind,
But now I'm in grief, since that blackhearted thief,
Jeff Davis; he brought these hard times upon me.

CHORUS.

Oh! bad luck to him early.
Bad luck to him dearly,
May the devil admire him,
Where e'er he may be;
May mosquitoes smite him,
And rattlesnakes bite him,
The traitor that brought
These hard times upon me.

Oh! I walk up and down every street in this town,
And the devil a smell of a glass can I get,
Oh! I go everywhere to ease my despair,
But the hunger begor, keeps me in a big sweat,
Of my clothes there's as much as would bolster a crutch,
And my shirt wants a rivet or two in each seam,
My the hangman be brief when he swings that old thief,
Jeff Davis that brought these hard times upon me.

Bad luck to him early, &c.

[1]

So badly I'm broke, I can't raise a smoke,
Not even a pin can I find in the street,
Nor a stump of segar tho' I sarch near and far
Oh! they're made into cloth it is my belief!
The Oyster Bay Swells sometimes give me some shells,
To polish my teeth on by way of a snack,
My stomach gets riley, and then I curse wildly,
Jeff Davis, that brought these hard times upon me.

Bad luck to him early, &c.

Oh! I'll spit in my fist, and then I'll enlist,
And off to the wars I'll march bould as brass,
I'll fight till I die, and e'er I will fly
I'll measure the length of myself on the grass!
Like a brigadier private I'll rush on the foe,
And I'll slather the rebels both high and low!
Oh its then I'll knock blazes out of Jefferson Davis,
The traitor that brought these hard times upon me.

CHORUS.

May his trees never bear,
May his head have no hair,
May bunions like onions,
Grow out of his feet.
May Dr. Tumblety drug him,
And John Heenan plug him,
The traitor that brought
These hard times upon me.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE,

Oh, Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean,
 The home of the Brave and the Free ;
 The Shrine of each Patriot's devotion,
 A World offers Homage to Thee !
 Thy mandates make Heroes assemble,
 When Liberty's form stands in view ;
 Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

CHORUS.

When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue ;
 Thy Banners make Tyranny tremble,
 When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,
 And threatened our land to deform,
 The Ark then of Freedom's foundation,
 Columbia rode safe through the storm.
 With her garland of victory o'er her,
 When so proudly she bore her bold crew,
 With her Flag proudly floating before her,
 The boast of the Red, White and Blue.

The boast of the Red, &c.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
 And fill you it up to the brim ;
 May the memcry of Washington ne'er wither
 Nor the Star of his glory grow dim !
 May the service united ne'er sever,
 And hold to their colors so true !
 The Army and Navy forever !
 Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue !
 Three cheers for the Red, &c.

THE STANDARD BEARER.

139

Upon the tented field a Minstrel Knight,
Beside his standard lonely watch was keeping,
And thus, amid the stillness of the night,
He strikes his lute, while all around is sleeping—

CHORUS.

The lady of my love—I will not name,
Although I wear her colors as a token,
For I would fight for liberty and fame,
Beneath the flag where first our vows were spoken.
The night is past, the conflict's come with dawn,
The Minstrel Knight has seen its fortifying;
'Midst death and carnage onward still are borne—
His song is heard 'midst thousands around him d'ring
The lady of my love, &c.

Stern Death now sated quits the gory plain;
The life blood from the Warrior Bard is streaming.
While on his flag he rests his hand with pain,
And faintly sings—his eyes with fervor beaming.
The lady of my love I will not name;
I'll still retain her colors as a token;
I've fought and fell for liberty and fame,
And never have our knightly vows been broken.

VIVA L'AMERICA.

Words and Music by H. MILLARD.

Noble Republic! happiest of lands,
Fore-most of nations Columbia stands—
Freedom's proud banner floats in the skies,
Where shouts of Liberty daily arise.
"United we stand, divided we fall."
Union forever—freedom to all.

CHORUS,

Throughout the world our motto shall be—
Viva l'America, home of the free!
Should ever traitor rise in the land,
Curs'd be his homestead, wither'd his hand;
Shame be his mem'ry, scorn be his lot,
Exile his heritage, his name a blot!
"United we stand, divided we fall."
Granting a home and freedom to all.
Throughout the world, &c.
To all her heroes—Justice and Fame,
To all her foes, a traitor's foul name;
Our Stars and Stripes still proudly shall wave,
Emblem of Liberty, flag of the brave.
"United we stand, divided we fall."
Gladly we'll die at our country's call.
Throughout the world, &c.

THE UNION OATH.

By A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Music of this Song published in the RADICAL DRUM-CALL.

A voice o'er the land goes forth!
 'Tis the voice of a nation Free!
 To the East, and the West and the South and the
 North,
 Rolling on like the sounding sea!
 'Tis the voice of the Free!
 'Tis the shout of the True.
 As they swear by the Flag,
 Of the Red, White and Blue,

CHORUS.

To be true to the *Union* for ever!
 Do you hear what it saith,
 By the bugle's breath?
 To be true to the *Union* forever.

When Royalty vanquished fled,
 And the Patriot's power was born,
 We surrounded our Flag o'er the graves of our dead,
 And the first union oath was sworn!
 'Twas the oath of the Free—
 'Twas the oath of the True—
 And they swore by the Flag,
 Of the Red, White, and Blue
 To be true to the *Union*, &c.

Rhode Island the clarion blew,
 And Connecticut swelled the blast—
 Pennsylvania re-echoed to Jersey's halloo,
 And to Georgia the war-cry past!
 'Twas the cry of the Free—
 'Twas the shout of the True!
 And they swore by the Flag
 Of the Red White and Blue,
 To be true to the *Union*, &c.

Virginia the crown o'erthrew,
 Massachusetts the sceptre broke;
 From the brave Carolinas the tramp went abroad,
 And New York with a shout awoke!
 'Twas a shout of the Free!
 'Twas a word of the True!
 And they swore by the Flag
 Of the Red, White and Blue.
 To be true to the *Union*, &c.

From Maryland's blossoming vales,
 From New Hampshire's abode of snows,
 From the Green Mountain peaks, and the Delaware dales,
 Rolling onward, the shout arose.
 'Twas the shout of the Free
 'Twas the voice of the True!
 As they swore by the Flag
 Of the Red, White and Blue,

To be true to the Union, &c.

Though the Rebel and the Traitor rose,
 And the land grew red with scars,
 By the arm of the Lord we have scattered our foes,
 And above us still shine the stars.
 'Twas the deed of the Free,
 'Twas the work of the True,
 When they swore by the Flag
 Of the Red, White and Blue,

To be true to the Union, &c.

We have trampled Rebellion's grave,
 Over Slavery's dust we stand,
 And the Union of old that our fathers gave,
 We return to the whole wide land;
 With the shout of the Free,
 With the oath of the True,
 We have sworn by the Flag
 Of the Red, White and Blue,

To be true to the Union, &c.

For Union the fathers wrought,
 And for Union the sons have bled;
 By the martyrs who died and the heroes who fought,
 We are still in the Union led.
 'Tis the oath of the Free,
 'Tis the oath of the True,
 For we swore by the Flag
 Of the Red, White and Blue,

To be true to the Union, &c.

OUR COLOR GUARD.

BATTLE SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by THOMAS J. DIEHL,

Music by HENRY TUCKER

Now onward ! onward ! let it wave,
 Amid the cannon's roar,
 Borne by the noble and the brave,
 Thro' streams of crimson gore ;
 Amid the battle's fiercest strife,
 There ever let it be,
 And guard it with devoted life,
 That standard of the free !

CHORUS.

Hurrah boys ! Hurrah boys !
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
 Onward ! onward ever be
"Our color guard" supplied.

"Stand by those colors !" many an eye
 Is looking up to-day,
 To see that glorious emblem fly
 Where danger checks the way.
 "Stand by those colors !" many a soul
 Will gain new strength to die,
 If in the red tide's fiercest roll
 Those colors proudly fly.

Hurrah boys ! &c.

On ! color guard ! Oh, noble, brave,
 How one by one they fall,
 But not their fate ! nor yet the grave
 Our brave lads can appal.
 Now from the ranks leap eagerly,
 Like groom to meet his bride
 A score of volunteers—and see !
"Our color guard" supplied.

Hurrah boys ! &c.

Oh ! shipmates, come, gather, and join in my ditty ;
 It's of a terrible battle that happened, of late :
 Let each good Union-Tar shed a sad tear of pity,
 When he thinks of the once gallant Cumberland's fate.
 The Eighth day of March told a terrible story,
 And many a brave tar to this world bid Adieu !
 Yet our Flag it was wrapt in a mantle of glory,
 By the heroic deeds of the Cumberland's crew.

On that ill-fated day, about ten in the morning,
 The sky it was clear, and bright shone the Sun :
 The drums of the Cumberland sounded a warning
 That told every seaman to stand by his gun.
 An Iron-clad Frigate down on us came bearing,
 And high in the air the Rebel Flag flew ;
 The Pennant of Treason she proudly was waving,
 Determined to conquer the Cumberland's crew.

Then, up spoke our Captain with stern resolution,
 Saying : my boys, of this monster now don't be dismayed,
 We swore to maintain our beloved Constitution,
 And to die for our Country we are not afraid !
 We fight for the Union : our cause it is glorious,
 To the Stars and the Stripes we will stand ever true.
 We'll sink at our quarters, or conquer victorious !
 Was answered, with cheers, from the Cumberland's crew.

Now our gallant ship fired her guns' dreadful thunder,
 Her broad-side, like hail, on the Rebel did pour :
 The people gazed on, struck with terror and wonder :
 The shots struck his sides, and glanced harmless o'er ;
 But the pride of our Navy could never be daunted,
 Tho' the dead and the wounded her deck they did strew :
 And the Flag of our Union how proudly it flaunted,
 Sustained by the blood of the Cumberland's crew !

Slowly they sunk beneath Virginia's waters !
 Their voices on earth will ne'er be heard more.
 They'll be wept by Columbia's brave sons and fair daughters !
 May their blood be avenged on Virginia's shore !
 In that battle-stained grave they are silently lying—
 Their souls have for ever to earth bid Adieu !
 But the Star-Spangled Banner above them is flying :
 It was nailed to the mast by the Cumberland's crew !

They fought us three hours, with stern resolution,
 Till those Rebels found cannon would never avail them ;
 For, the Flag of Secession has no power to gall them,

Tho' the blood from their scuppers it crimson'd the tide?
 She struck us amidst-ship, our planks she did sever:
 Her sharp Iron-prong pierced our noble ship through:
 And still, as they suak on that dark rolling river,
 We'll die at our guns! cried the Cumberland's crew.

Columbia's sweet birth-right of Freedom's communion,
 Thy Flag never floated so proudly before:
 For, the spirits of those that died for the Union,
 Above its broad folds now exultingly soar!
 And when our sailors in battle assemble,
 God bless our dear Banner, the Red, White and Blue!
 Beneath its bright Stars, we'll cause tyrants to tremble,
 Or sink at our guns, like the Cumberland's crew!

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

(RALLYING SONG.)

Yes, we'll rally round the Flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom;
 We will rally from the hill-side, we'll gather from the plain,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

CHORUS.

The Union forever! hurrah! boys, hurrah!
 Down with the Traitors, up with the Stars!
 While we rally round the Flag, boys, rally once again,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

We are springing to the call of our Brothers gone before,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!
 And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million Fecemen more,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

The Union for ever! &c.

We will welcome to our numbers the boys all true and brave,
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
 And although he may be poor, he shall never be a slave,
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!

The Union for ever! &c.

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
 And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,
 Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!

The Union for ever, &c.

THE OLD UNION WAGON.

145

BY ROBERT M. HART,

AIR:—"Wait for the Wagon."

The eagle of Columbia, in majesty and pride,
Still soars aloft in glory, though traitors have defied
The flag we dearly cherish—the emblem of our will—
Baptised in blood of heroes 'way down on Bunker Hill.

CHORUS.—Sam built the wagon,
The Old Union Wagon,
The star-crested wagon,
To give the boys a ride.

The war screech of that eagle is heard from shore to shore,
For clouds of dark rebellion our sky has shrouded o'er;
But freedom and its sunlight will break the gloomy pall,
And scorch the brow of treason with powder, shell and ball.

Bring on the wagon,
The Old Union Wagon,
The tri-colored wagon,
We're waiting for a ride.

King Cotton may be master o'er those who bend the knee,
But cannot rule a people who ever will be free
As are the winds of heaven—whose every thought and deed
Shall emanate from Justice, and not from Cotton seed.

Stick to the wagon,
The Old Union Wagon,
The triumphal wagon,
And we'll all safely ride.

Old Abe is in the wagon, and Scot is by his side,
And Seward drives the horses to take a Union ride;
While Butler is not idle, and Cameron is true,
And we're all in the wagon with Yankee doodle-doo.

Shove on the wagon,
The Old Union Wagon,
God bless the Wagon,
While patriots shall ride.

There's none can smash the wagon—'tis patented and strong,
And built of pure devotion, by those who hate the wrong—
Its wheels are made of freedom, which patriots adore:
The spokes when rightly counted, just number thirty-four.

Keep in the wagon,
The Old Union Wagon,
The oft-tested wagon,
While millions take a ride.

THE FLAG OF THE FREE.

Nobly our Flag flutters o'er us to-day,
 Emblem of peace, Pledge of Liberty's sway;
 Its foes shall tremble and shrink in dismay,
 If ere insulted it be!
 Our Stripes and Stars, loved and honored by all,
 Shall float forever where freedom may call;
 It still shall be the Flag of the Free,
 Emblem of sweet Liberty!

CHORUS.

Here we will gather its cause to defend;
 Let Patriots rally and wise counsel lend;
 It still shall be the Flag of the Free
 Emblem of sweet Liberty!

With it in beauty no flag can compare;
 All nations honor our banner so fair.
 If to insult it a traitor should dare,
 Crushed to the earth let him be!
 Freedom and Progress our watchword to-day:
 When duty calls, who dares disobey?
 Honor to Thee, Thou Flag of the Free,
 Emblem of sweet Liberty!
 Here we will gather, &c.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

"A song for our Banner" the watchword recall,
 Which gave the Republic her station
 United we stand, divided we fall!
 It made and preserved us a nation,
 The union of lakes, the union of lands,
 The union of States none can sever;
 The union of hearts the union of hands,
 And the Flag of our Union forever and ever!
 The flag of the Union for ever!

What God in his infinite wisdom designed,
 And armed with republican thunder,
 Not all the earth's despots and factions combined
 Have the power to conquer or sunder:
 The union of lakes, the union of lands,
 The union of States none can sever:
 The union of hearts, the union of hands,
 And the flag of the Union forever and ever:
 The flag of the Union for ever!

UNFURL THE GLORIOUS BANNER. 147

Unfurl the glorious banner, let it sway upon the breeze,
The emblem of our country's pride on land, and on the seas;
The emblem of our liberty, borne proudly in the wars,
The hope of every freeman, the gleaming stripes and stars.

CHORUS.

Then unfurl the glorious banner out upon the welcome air,
Read the record of the olden time upon its radiance there:
In the battle it shall lead us, and our banner ever be,
A beacon-light to glory, and a guide to victory.

The glorious band of patriots who gave the land its birth,
Have writ with steel in history the record of its worth;
From east to west, from sea to sea, from pole to tropic sun,
Will eyes grow bright and hearts throb high at the name
of Washington.

Then unfurl the glorious banner, &c.

Ah! proudly should we bear it, and guard this flag of ours,
Borne bravely in its infancy amid the darker hours;
Only the brave may bear it, a guardian it shall be
For those who well have won the right to bestow of liberty.

Then unfurl the glorious banner, &c.

The meteor flag of seventy-six long may it wave in pride,
To tell the world how nobly the patriot fathers died;
When from the shadows of their night outburst the brilliant sun,
It bathed in light the stripes and stars, and lo! the field
was won.

Then unfurl the glorious banner, &c.

148 HURRAH FOR THE WHITE, RED AND BLUE.

Hush'd is the clamorous trumpet of war,
Hush'd, hush'd is the trumpet of war ;
The soldier's retired from the clangor of arms,
The drum rolls a peaceful hurrah.
'Tis cheering to think on the past,
'Tis cheering to think we've been true,
'Tis cheering to look on our stars and our stripes,
And gaze on our white, red and blue.
Hurrah for the white, red and blue,
Hurrah for the white, red and blue,
'Tis cheering to look on our stars and our stripes,
And gaze on our white, red and blue.

Here's a sigh for the brave that are dead,
Here's a sigh for the brave that are dead,
And who would not sigh for the glorious brave,
That rest on a patriot bed ?
'Tis glory, for country to die,
'Tis glory that's solid and true ;
'Tis glory to sleep 'neath our stars and our stripes,
And die for our white, red and blue.
Hurrah for the white, red and blue,
Hurrah for the white, red and blue,
'Tis glory to sleep 'neath our stars and our stripes,
And die for the white, red, and blue

Here's freedom of thought and of deed,
Here's freedom in valley and plain,
The first song of freedom that rose on our hills,
Our sea-shore re-echoed again.
'Tis good to love country and friends,
'Tis good to be honest and true ;
'Tis good to die shouting on sea, or on shore,
" Hurrah for the white, red, and blue,"
Hurrah for the white, red, and blue,
Hurrah for the white, red, and blue,
'Tis good to die shouting, at sea or on shore,
" Hurrah for the white, red, and blue !"

WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER. 149

Words and Music by HENRY TUCKER.

Dearest love, do you remember
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh! how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vow'd to me and country,
Ever to be true.

CHORUS.

Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fear, how vain;
Yet praying, when this cruel war is over,
Praying: that we meet again!

When the summer breeze is sighing,
Mournfully, along!
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song.
Oft, in dreams, I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling, but in vain.
Weeping, sad and lonely, &c.

If, amid the din of battle,
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call:
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies,
Ever in my brain.
Weeping, sad and lonely, &c.

But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way;
While our nation's son's are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and liberty,
Let all nations see
How we love our Starry Banner,
Emblem of the free!
Weeping, sad and lonely, &c.

Mother is the battle over ?

Thousands have been slain, they say,

Is my father coming ? Tell me,

Have the patriots gain'd the day ?

Is he well or is he wounded—

Mother, do you think he's slain ?

If you know I pray you tell me,

Will my father come again ?

Mother dear, you're always sighing,

Since you last the papers read,

Tell me now why you are crying,

Why that cap is on your head ?

Oh ! I see you can not tell me—

Father's one among the slain,

Although he loved us very dearly,

He will never come again."

Yes, my boy, your noble father,

Is one number'd with the slain—

We shall not see him more on earth,

But in heaven we'll meet again.

He died for America's glory,

Our day may not be far between,

But I hope at the last moment,

That we shall all meet again.

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our father's God to thee,
Author of Liberty,
To thee I sing
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

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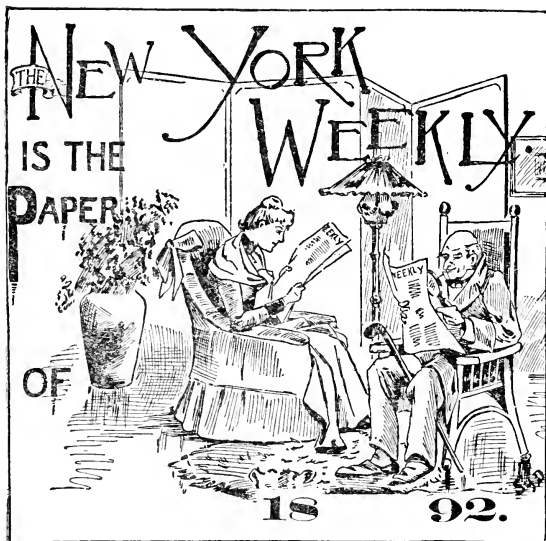
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1884.....	7,481	4,468,455	80,187,634
1885.....	16,942	8,229,207	149,633,708
1886.....	25,211	12,200,829	220,970,726
1887.....	30,221	15,657,662	283,578,984
1888.....	32,105	17,134,467	310,605,910
1889.....	33,518	18,983,928	343,519,492
1890.....	34,480	19,763,549	346,611,570
1891.....	34,842	20,236,741	354,499,680

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Pieces of Type Handled....	6,786,343,098	Stereotype Plates Made....	718,989
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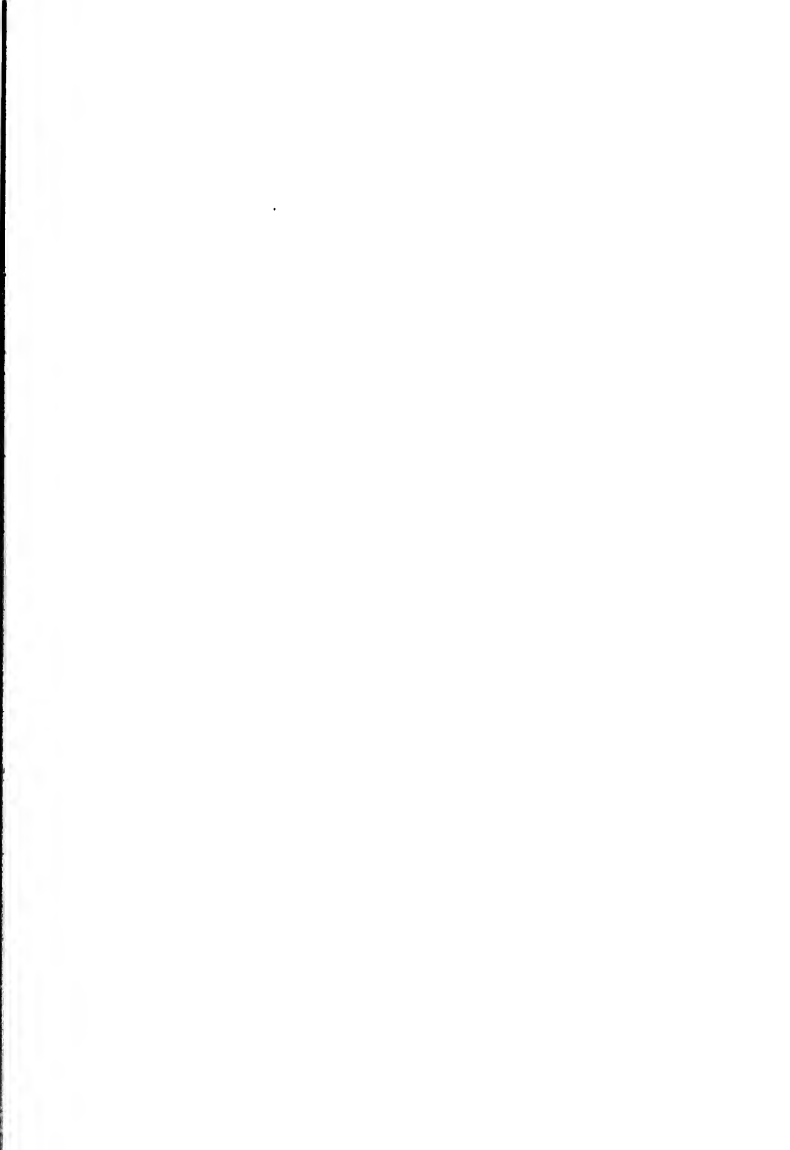
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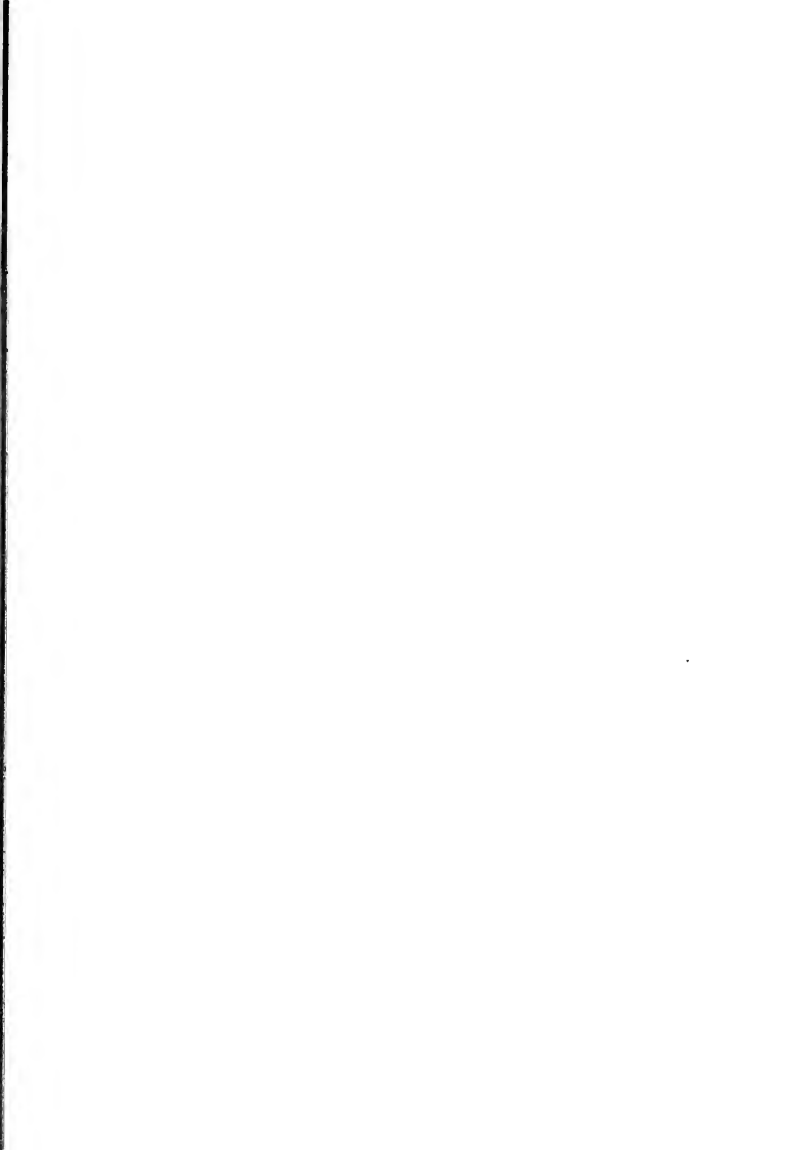
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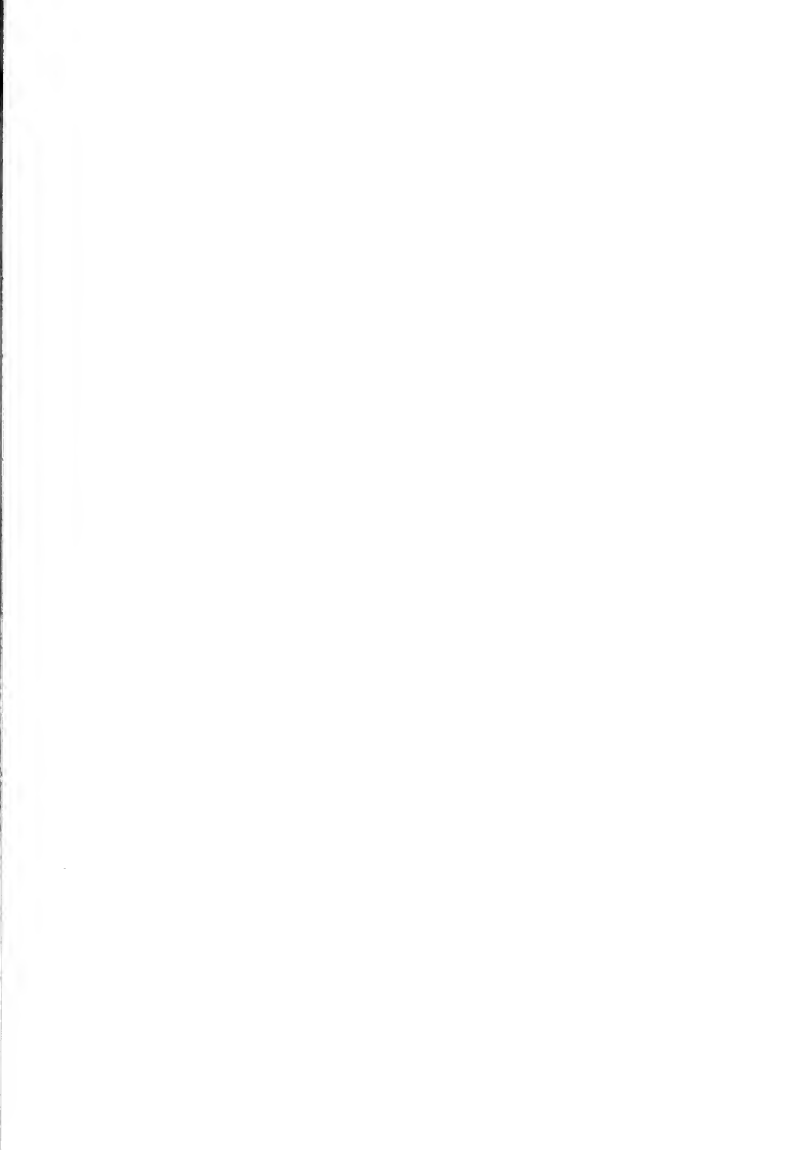
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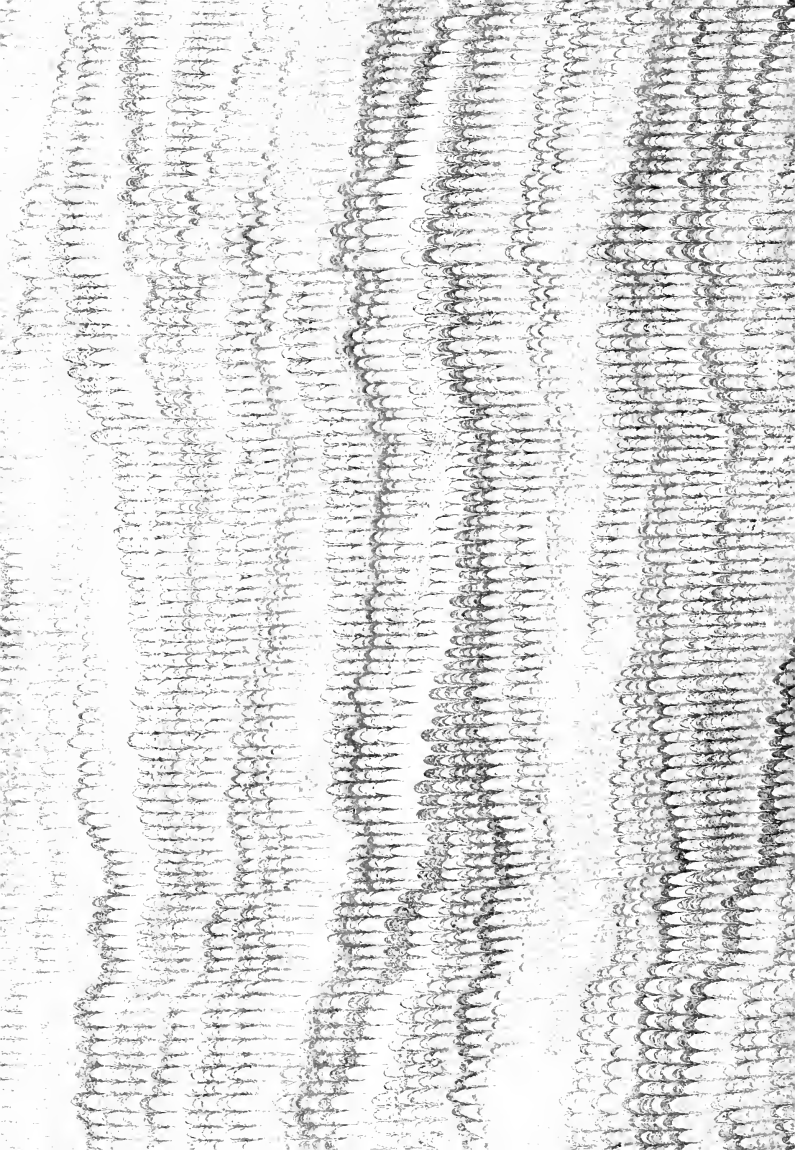
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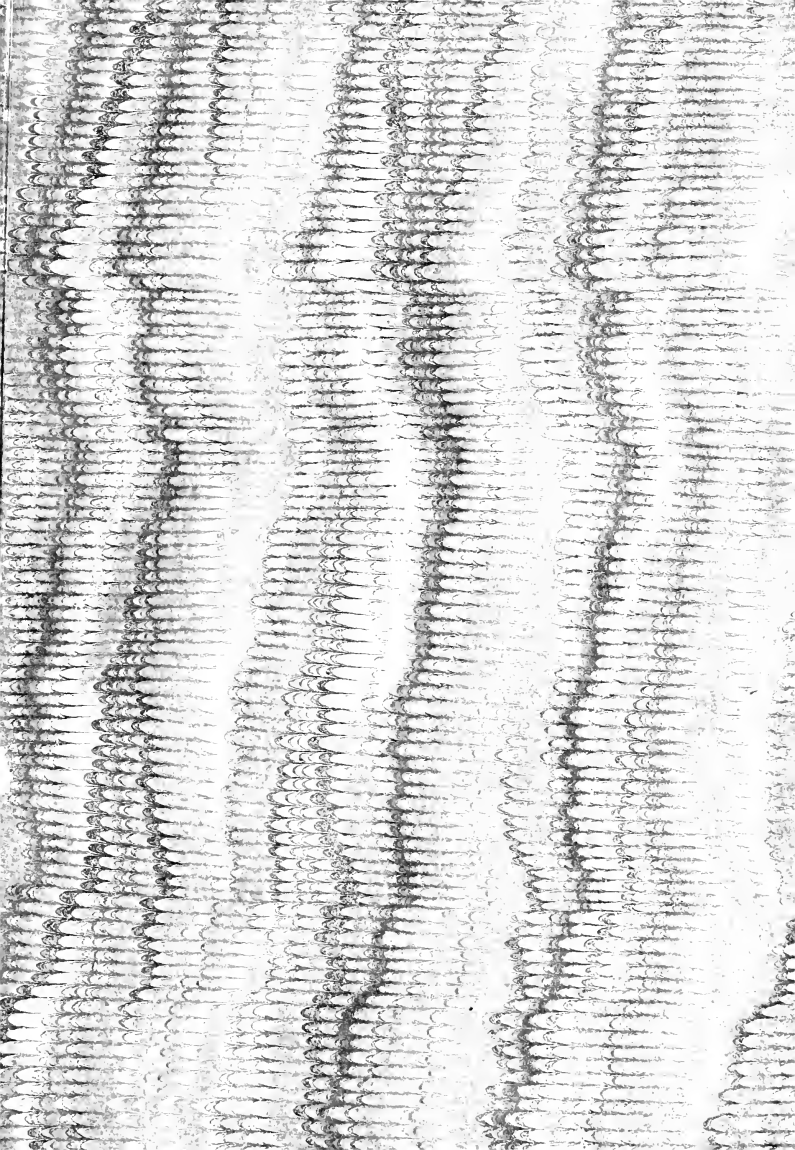
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